

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

He Will Be the Last Englishman  
To Be Forgotten See Arthur Mee's Heroes

Number 789

Week Ending  
MAY 5, 1934

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

## PLEASE DO NOT LITTER YOUR TOWN

### THE ARITHMETIC BOY

#### AS SIMPLE AS ABC

Little Egyptian Who Could  
Juggle With Millions

#### AND ALL IN HIS HEAD

A poor Egyptian boy who could never learn to read or write has just passed away, leaving behind him the record of most bewildering powers of calculation.

As he could not write he was unable to put figures on paper, and had to work out all his sums in his head. His simplest feat was to multiply together two totals of three figures each, such as 584 and 369, and give the answer in eight seconds, though, owing to some peculiar construction of his calculating brain, he might sometimes take as long as 45 seconds. But that was only a beginning. He would work out the multiplication of any two-figure number three times, such as 49 by 49 by 49, in less than three minutes.

#### The Right Answer

A number running to millions would be multiplied by another of as many as ten figures, such as 9,804,321,567, and the right answer delivered in 20 minutes. In multiplying a single number by itself his mental processes were far swifter. He could multiply 8 by itself 16 times in five minutes; the figure 6 was in the same way raised to a tenth power in 70 seconds, and 5, which appeared to be simpler, in twenty seconds.

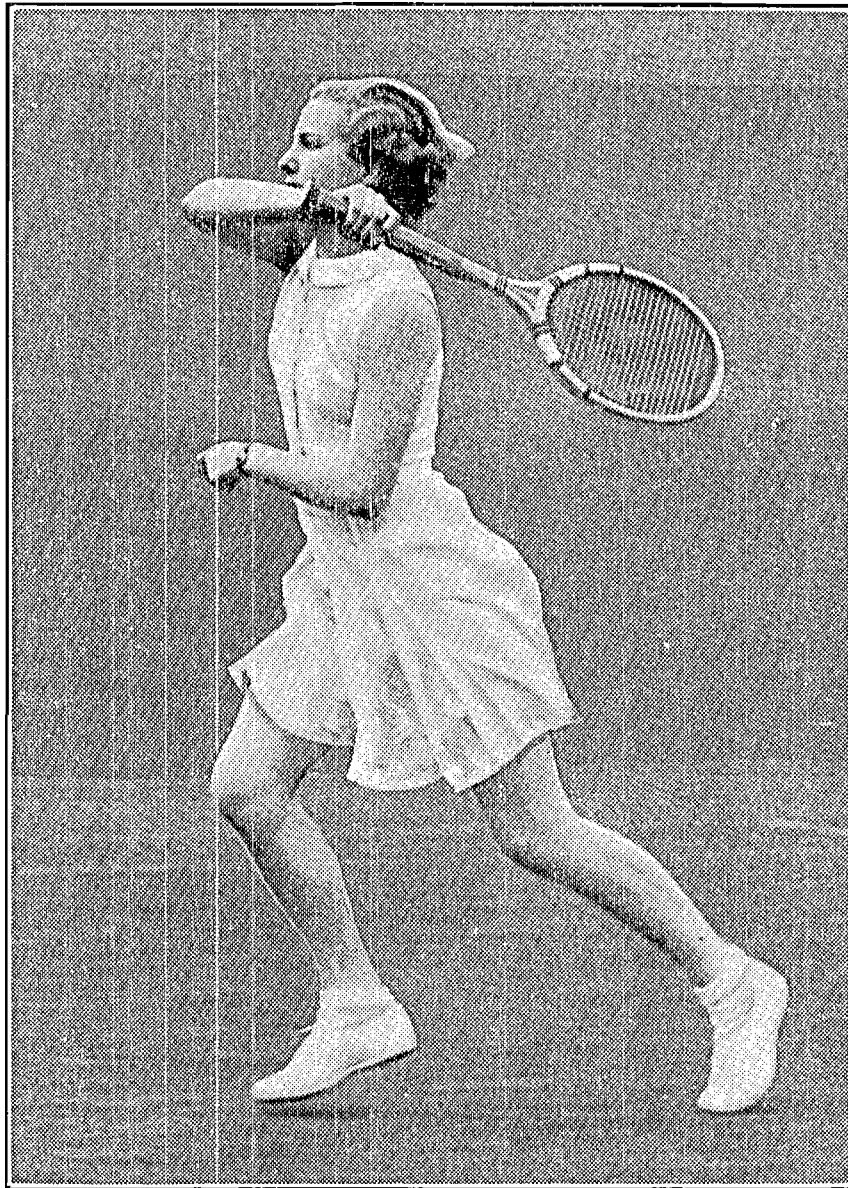
It might be supposed that some of these later feats were efforts of memory, because he might have been asked to make the same calculations before; but curiously enough he was not very good at remembering long strings of figures, though he could repeat questions put to him and their answers, however complicated, some days afterwards. He would also break off calculation in the middle to ask for a drink of milk and then would resume after the interval and make no mistake. What will appear most astonishing to those who, young or old, have wrestled with square roots and cube roots, was that this ignorant boy who had never opened a school book could extract the square root of a number of six figures in less than a minute and its cube root in a few seconds longer. Yet he seems to have found division far harder than multiplication.

#### Mysterious Powers

The name of this prodigy was Mohammed Ismail Turki El Attar, and he was the son of a grocer in a village of the Delta. The poor boy had so little mental ability of the ordinary kind, and was so unable to take proper care of himself, that in his later years kind friends found a home for him in a Government asylum in Cairo. Before that he had for some time made a very poor living by exhibiting his powers as a calculator in cafés.

He was the latest example of the strange powers of calculation that spring

### On the Courts



This vigorous picture seems to express the very spirit of tennis, the grass-court season of which is beginning this week.

up from time to time in the brains of comparatively uneducated people. They are quite unexplainable. Usually the calculators have no other mathematical ability. Sometimes they preserve their arithmetical powers for a number of years, but never develop them beyond a certain point.

Often the faculty appears to leave them, but Mohammed kept his ability almost to the end. We may suppose that the ability is owing to some peculiar convolution of the brain; but at present no one can say what it is.

#### WHAT IS A CEDAR FOR?

A travelling correspondent who has been in Somerset begs us to ask Christ Church at Warminster if it could not set up the electric lamp on a post instead of on the magnificent cedar which throws its shadow across the path.

It is one of the noblest cedars for miles around, and it is a shame to regard this majestic living thing as simply a piece of wood to nail a lamp on.

#### A TALE RUSKIN TOLD

In Dr Carlile's new and attractive interpretative biography of Mr Spurgeon, the centenary of whose birth is now being celebrated, there is an interesting tale told by John Ruskin to the great preacher.

A widower with several children was visiting an old farmhouse which he thought of buying. While he was talking to the agent the children were allowed to go on a tour of inspection, and scampered all over the place. They discovered a basement and went helter-skelter down the stairs, but suddenly they became afraid, for, standing at the bottom of the stairs, they saw their mother with outstretched arms and loving gesture waving them to stop. With cries of fear and joy they turned and ran to their father. "Mother has come back!" they said.

When the father descended he found that at the bottom of the stairs was a deep and open well entirely unguarded. If his children had continued that run they must have fallen in and been killed.

### AN OCTOPUS

#### CAUGHT IN A BUCKET

Packed in Seaweed For the  
Marine Aquarium

#### POWER OF CHANGING COLOUR

By Our Laboratory Correspondent

Much excitement was exhibited not long ago at the Plymouth Marine Laboratory by the arrival of a large square wooden box, very solid, containing a specimen of the Common Octopus of unusual size, caught at Fowey in a bucket of one of the dredgers off the docks.

The octopus, packed in seaweed, sustained the journey well and seemed none the worse for being out of the water so long. It is now happily installed in one of the aquarium tanks.

It has a span of nearly three feet, which, although large for these parts, is small compared with some members of the same species recorded, measuring several feet across the arms. Its colour when caught was reddish-brown on the top and bluish-white underneath, but it has the power of changing colour quickly to suit its surroundings, the colour cells being controlled by nerves and capable of being expanded or retracted almost instantly, becoming dark or light according to circumstances.

#### When the Creature is Excited

Sometimes quick flushes of colour are seen to move across the body when the creature is excited, for instance, at the sight of food when stretching out a long arm to catch a crab, which it does with great agility.

The Common Octopus varies greatly in abundance in different years round Plymouth and the neighbourhood. Last year it was much commoner than the Lesser Octopus, which is generally far the more abundant of the two. The Lesser is much smaller than the Common, and can be distinguished easily because it has only one row of suckers on each arm, while the Common Octopus has two rows. Both species live in rock crevices not far from shore and may be caught in lobster pots, nets, or dredges.

#### WILL PARLIAMENT PLEASE SEE TO THIS?

The new Road Traffic Bill should be amended to remedy certain defects of the existing law in its application to the construction of motor-vehicles.

Thus it is an offence to use a vehicle not provided with a proper silencer, but it is no offence to offer one for sale. So with other important matters of construction.

Surely when an Act of Parliament lays down certain rules for the construction of a machine it should penalise not only users but makers. If we buy a motor-vehicle we ought to have the assurance that it obeys the law in its design and fittings.



## DISARMAMENT

### BACK TO WHERE WE WERE

The Eternal Quarrel Between France and Germany Again

### FAIR TREATMENT OR PEACE TREATY?

Discussions between the Great Powers have reached another crisis, which saddens all who have been looking forward to a speedy reduction in the monstrous armaments which are a source of such danger to peace.

It is nearly six months since Germany left the Disarmament Conference and the League. Then the four Great Powers—France, Germany, Italy, and England—began to discuss what modifications of the British Draft would meet the claim of Germany to equality and the demand of France for security.

#### A Revised Scheme

The British and Italian Governments have definitely agreed that Germany should be allowed to arm for defence to a greater degree than is permitted by the Versailles Treaty. France, on the other hand, has been very reluctant to countenance such re-armament, and has pressed England to guarantee that she will go to her help if she is attacked by Germany.

At the end of January we submitted a revised disarmament scheme to Germany. After discussions the German Government proclaimed itself ready to accept this if it were modified in one or two particulars. Germany objected to the provision that she should wait for two years for appropriate means of aerial defence, and asked for a defensive air force, not including bombing planes, equal to 30 per cent of the combined air forces of her neighbours or 50 per cent of the military aircraft owned by France. She claimed to possess these aeroplanes for the first five years of the ten years of the proposed convention, and thenceforward be on an equality in the air with other Powers.

#### Two Questions

Germany also promised to agree to accept international supervision of her Brown Army and Steel Helmets, who should not be on a military footing or possess arms.

The German Government consented to the postponement of the reductions of armaments by other Powers until the end of the fifth year of the convention.

This memorandum, dated April 16, gave promise of definite progress toward the eventual return of Germany to the League, but in the meantime the French Government was considering two questions raised by our Government, the first being that, if agreement were reached on the guarantees of execution against breakers of the convention, would the French Government accept the British proposals as modified by Germany? The second question arose out of the first one, being what were the guarantees of execution which France would accept?

#### The German Budget

The French reply of April 17 pointed out that on the very day our Minister presented our inquiries the German Government had published a Budget showing a huge increase in expenditure on its Army, Navy, and Air Force. The French Government declared that Germany was showing contempt of the provisions of the Versailles Treaty, which still governed the level of her armaments. She had organised numerous aerodromes in the demilitarised zone, and was showing less anxiety to suppress her auxiliary forces than to perfect them for war. The German Government itself had made negotiations impossible, and France must place first the conditions of her own security.

If Germany had returned to the League, said France, a satisfactory

## OUR MAD WORLD

### AN IRISH CHAPTER

The Wholesale Slaughter of Calves

### TRAGEDY OF WORLD-WIDE BUNGLING

The economic madness from which all the world is suffering, the tragedy of world-wide bungling of Governments, has written another terrible chapter in the slaughter of calves by order of the Irish Free State Government.

*The State order is that large numbers of calves are to be slaughtered to reduce the Irish meat supply.*

This order is the culmination of the grave trouble between the Governments of the Irish Free State and the United Kingdom, which began with Mr De Valera's refusal to pay the Land Annuities over to the Imperial Exchequer.

Upon that refusal followed Tariff War, our Government levying special duties on Irish produce and thus crippling Irish exports. England has been Ireland's best customer, and now that Irish farmers cannot sell freely to us they are in a parlous way. The slaughter of calves is the latest incident in a melancholy history of human folly. It recalls the State burning of coffee in Brazil and the use of wheat as fuel in America.

#### Effect of the Bounty

To induce the farmers to slaughter the calves the Irish Free State Government actually offered ten shillings as a bounty for each calfskin, and as a result the slaughtering is so "successful," and the veal is so plentiful that it cannot be sold, and calfskins are offered at rubbish prices.

On the very day that this news reached us there came news from Chile that the authorities there were about to slaughter half a million sheep in order that tallow might be made from them. It is said this step is made necessary by the effect of the Ottawa restrictions on the export of Chilean cattle and sheep.

So the world continues to waste its resources. Each country hits every other. The Irish case is extreme, but it differs only in degree from a hundred other cases. How long, O Governments of the world, how long?

*Continued from the previous column*

system of guarantees might have been possible, but, having experienced the last war, France must show prudence. She regretted that the action of a third party should abruptly have rendered vain the negotiations, and declared that the Disarmament Conference must resume its work at the point at which it left off.

This Note by France cannot do other than cancel out the certainty that this country would have given guarantees against breaches of a disarmament convention, from whatever quarter they arose. However tactless may seem the increase in Germany's expenditure on her armed forces, we have as a nation recognised that she cannot be subjected any longer to a position of inferiority. This feeling of fair treatment was behind our Draft Convention, and we are not willing to go back to a system which would endeavour to perpetuate the Treaty of Versailles.

The French Note is a reflection of the military mind of France, and is one which in its abruptness would never have been penned by M. Briand. French opinion is bound to realise that the only real hope for her future security lies in association with other countries, especially with our own. Germany realises this, and though the position looks very dark as we write, its inherent dangers will produce wiser opinions, and the Great Powers will get together again and find themselves compelled to reach a peaceful solution.

## DOES A CROW KNOW?

The Wise Birds That Moved On

### TALE OF A GNARLED OLD OAK

Such a cautious old bird is the crow that we can readily believe the latest story about him from Glamorgan.

In Ogmores Vale there is a very ancient oak which for 90 years has given shelter to a crow community. A fortnight ago the birds left the home where so many generations of them had been reared, and moved to a more modern tenancy. A week after they had gone the oak, whose gnarled and twisted branches bore witness to centuries of storms, suddenly and unexpectedly collapsed in a mere breeze from the south-west.

The crows had been right; it was no place for fathers and mothers of the families of 1934; and there is every reason to suppose that their removal was no chance happening but was undertaken because they knew there was something rotten about the tree. Crows, like other birds, have a keen sense of hearing, and in the course of countless generations have acquired an instinctive knowledge of the meaning of the sounds accompanying the creaking branches as they sway in the wind.

#### Selecting the Right Tree

It is well known that they avoid some kinds of trees altogether when seeking a home, possibly because the same instinctive knowledge has taught them that such trees cannot be depended on for long periods. Anybody who has watched the arrival of a group of crows in a new neighbourhood will have noticed the care they exercise in selecting just the right tree.

It has also been said that the height chosen in the tree for their nests affords some idea of the weather to be expected in the following summer. An old shepherd in Sussex has recently pronounced in favour of a hot summer because rooks and crows are building in the topmost branches. But we would rather think that shepherds on the Downs are better weather prophets than birds in the branches, and in this connection we call to mind the old rhyme:

*There once was a weatherwise crow  
Who, when asked if he thought it would  
snow,  
Would ponder and say Peradventure it  
may,  
Then again it may not: Time will show.  
Not even a crow can tell English  
weather a month beforehand.*

## WINTER STAYS ON AT NIAGARA

### The Great Ice Bridge

This year the ice bridge which forms across the river just below Niagara Falls in winter did not disappear until April 5.

It is the first time on record that the ice bridge has stayed so far into the spring.

The severe cold of the past winter froze the ice to a greater thickness than usual. Right up to the beginning of March it was safe for people to walk on the ice bridge to view the falls.

The unusual cold was also responsible for more magnificent effects than ever at the falls. Instead of the Thunder of Waters (its Indian name) it more nearly resembled a glacier.

For many feet on both the Canadian and American sides of the falls the water froze and remained in most lovely and fantastic shapes. There were cascades frozen in motion, glittering icicles of tremendous length, with great piles of soft snow for background.

Many people of both countries last winter came long distances to see the unusual beauty of Niagara Falls.

## A GREAT SIMPLE THING

MACHINE WHICH WORKS THE LUNGS

Amazing Story of How a Man's Life Has Been Preserved

### SIR WILLIAM BRAGG AND HIS FOOTBALL BLADDERS

A new electrically-worked machine has just been designed to work the lungs of any patient who has lost the power of breathing.

An amazing story lies behind this invention, which is associated with Sir William Bragg, the distinguished scientist. A friend of Sir William was attacked with paralysis a few years ago, and gradually the disease affected the muscles controlling his breathing. Artificial respiration was resorted to, relays of nurses and relatives rhythmically pressing the front of his chest. This was carried on for over a year.

#### Water and Electricity

Then, last September, Sir William Bragg had an idea. Strapping a football bladder tightly round the patient's chest and connecting it by a rubber tube to another football bladder between boards on the floor, a nurse was enabled to compress the patient's chest by driving air in and out of the bladder fastened round him.

The next step was to connect the apparatus with the water supply and work it hydraulically, and now electricity has been installed in the patient's house and a new electrically-worked machine keeps him alive. The patient is 63, and though he has entirely lost the use of his muscles his mind is active.

The new apparatus is interesting all doctors and nurses, as there are many occasions when artificial respiration must be employed, and this device may solve a serious problem in such diseases as infantile paralysis.

It is simple little ideas like this of Sir William Bragg which are often fraught with tremendous benefit for the human race. Is not simplicity, indeed, the very greatest thing in the world? We believe Sir William Bragg would say so.

## THINGS SAID

We are uncrushable.

Japanese Delegate at Geneva

My staff are praying that houses should go up and rain come down.

Minister of Health

My husband often says to me, What an untidy mind you have!

Lady Francis Cecil

The Charity Organisation Society knows 50,000 begging letter-writers.

Mr Astbury of the C.O.S.

London is the biggest human target of the world for air bombardment.

Sir Charles Collett, Lord Mayor

Send every Prime Minister to the House of Lords after five or seven years.

Sir William Beveridge

There is some milk in the market whose only real use is to be put down the drains.

Nottingham's Medical Officer

The new slum programmes will re-house seven times as many in five years as have been re-housed in 55.

The Spectator

There may not be many people who can say, as I can, that they remember Thomas Carlyle in his little room in Cheyne Row.

Lord Crew

'Democracy alone among forms of government has everything to gain and nothing to lose from the intelligence of its citizens.

Mr C. E. M. Joad

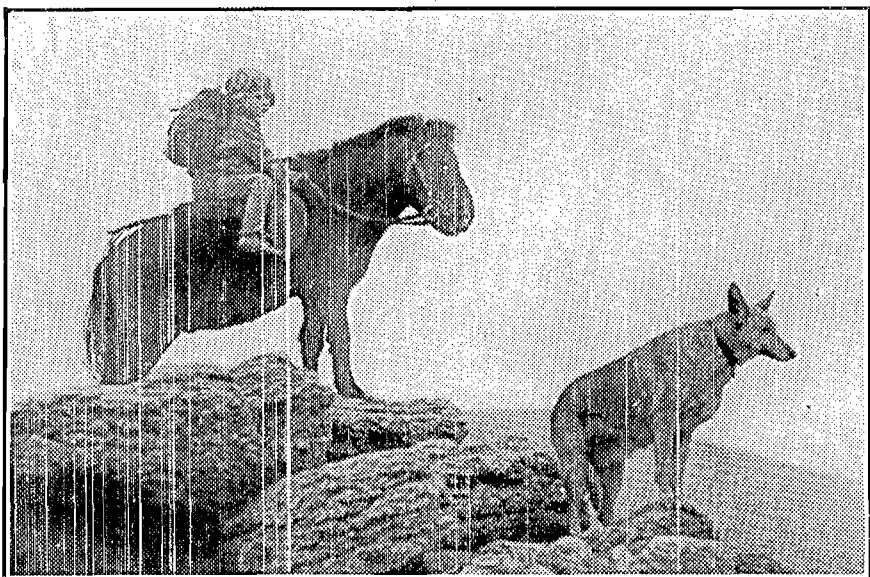


May 5, 1934

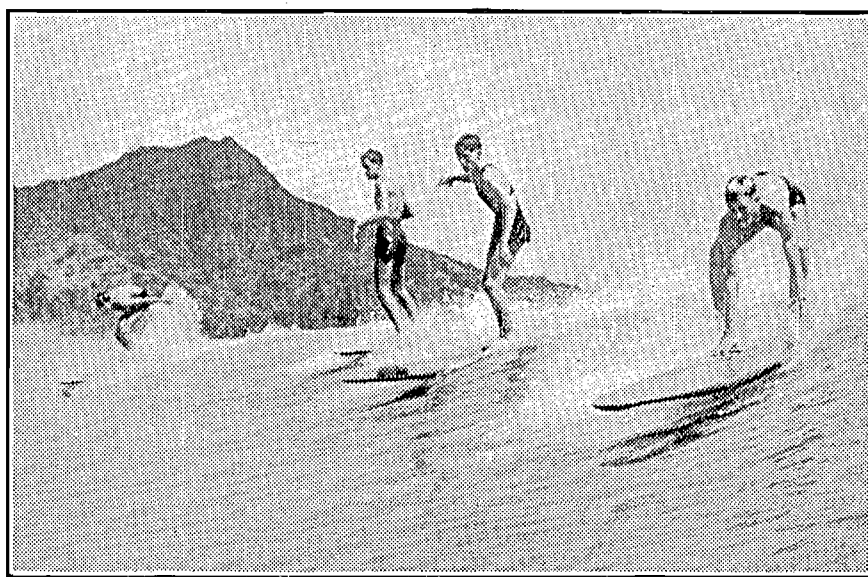
*The Children's Newspaper*

3

# SURF RIDING · HANGING THE R.A. PICTURES · RUNNYMEDE PAGEANT



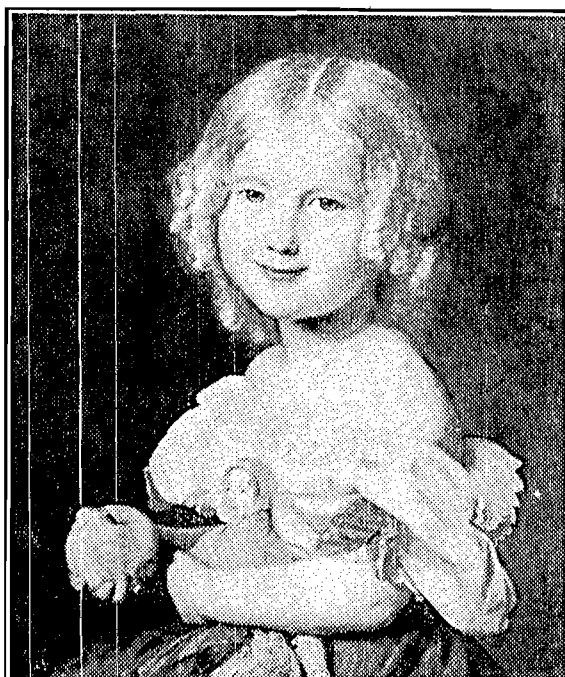
**On the Trail**—A little traveller with a Shetland pony and an Alsatian dog surveying the countryside from a mountain peak in the Lake District.



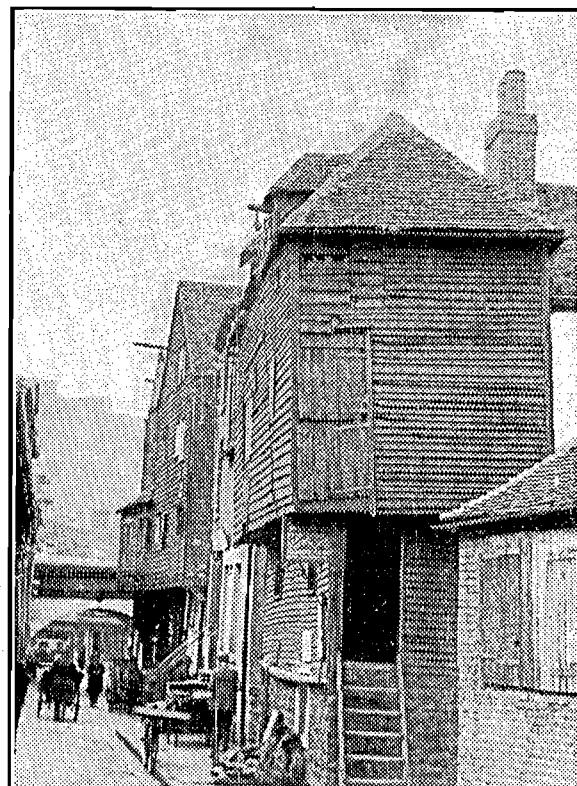
**The Surf Riders**—Riding a board on the crest of a wave is a popular and thrilling pastime at Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands.



**Hanging the Pictures**—Here we see pictures being hung for the Royal Academy exhibition which opens next week.



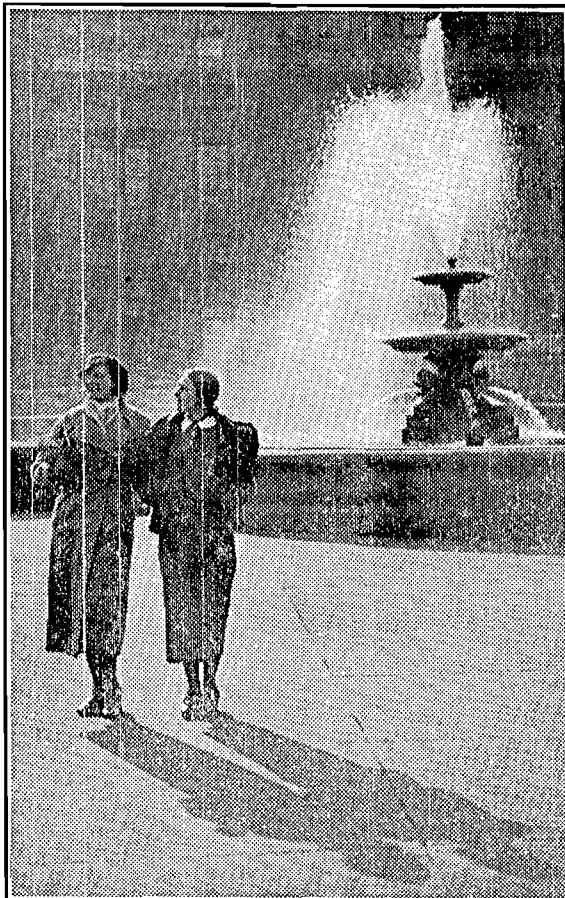
**Austrian Art**—This delightful portrait of a girl is to be seen in the art section of the Austrian exhibition in London.



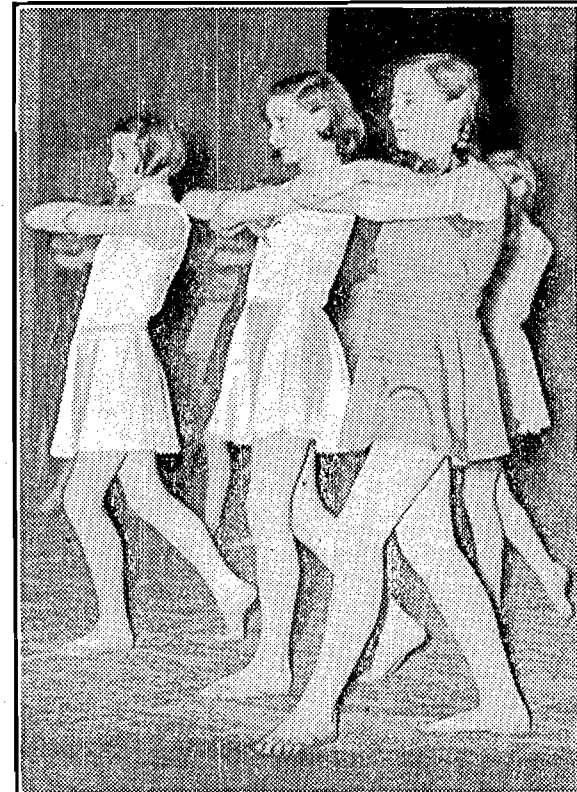
**Old Folkestone**—These picturesque old houses in the fishermen's quarter of Folkestone are threatened with demolition.



**Pageant of Runnymede**—Two players taking part in a dress rehearsal of the Runnymede pageant to be held next month.



**Spring Sunshine**—Two visitors to London in Trafalgar Square, with one of the fountains in the background.



**German Dancers**—This picture was taken during a display of dancing given by German girls in Berlin the other day.



## JOHN RUSKIN'S HOME

**A NATIONAL MEMORIAL**  
The Lovely House and Garden on the Edge of Coniston Water  
**ITS DOOR OPEN TO US ALL**

What better memorial of a man can there be than the house he lived in, the pictures he drew, the books he wrote, the garden he made, and the little harbour from which he sailed his boats?

Such is John Ruskin's memorial, founded the other day when Mr Howard Whitehouse, President of the Ruskin Society, threw open to the public the door of Brantwood, Ruskin's old home at Coniston in the Lake District.

### Looking Across the Lake

Here he came, in 1871, oppressed by the empty house in London after his mother's death. It is a large house looking across the lake to where the Old Man of Coniston raises his great head among the mountains.

"Anything so lovely as the view from my rocks today I haven't seen since I was at Lago Maggiore," wrote Ruskin from Brantwood, one September morning many years ago.

But even here he could never forget the squalor and the misery of others. From Brantwood issued his monthly letter to the workmen of Britain. He would sit in these rooms planning his agricultural and cultural schemes, settling people on the land, encouraging handicrafts, even writing long letters to the May Queens and Rose Queens whose festivals he desired to see continued. From here he went to Oxford to deliver his famous lectures. It was the gardener at Brantwood for whom he sent hurriedly to help in one of his roadmaking schemes.

For the few level places in this road outside Oxford he laughingly gave entire credit to this gardener.

### His Home As He Knew It

In 1884 he returned to Brantwood for good, worn out by endless activities as a social reformer, with results so disappointing to him. In 1900 he died here, and the offered place in Westminster Abbey was refused for a grave at Coniston, for he had wished to be buried where he died.

His home is today very much as he knew it. The grounds are the same, running a mile along the side of the lake, with the little harbour he and two friends made, the flowering shrubs, the heights and the sheltered gardens gay with flowers. We can sit in the dining-room which Ruskin threw open to the view with a range of windows. There is the studio he built for Arthur Severn, whose wife was the cousin in whose company Ruskin was always happiest since the days when she came to be a companion to his old mother. The Severns lived with him at Brantwood as his guests; Mrs Severn nursed him through breakdown after breakdown.

### His Books and Drawings

Here are all his books, many of his original drawings, and reproductions of about a thousand more. We may see his portrait as a little boy of three, with the blue hills behind him which he specially asked for as a background. And we may see the room where he died, looking out on to more of his much loved hills.

And we may not only see these things and pass on: we may stay here, for part of Brantwood is to be a Guest House, with Mr and Mrs Romney-Towndrow as host and hostess, to whom all who wish to stay should apply.

The Ruskin Society is to be congratulated in having planned and brought into being one of our finest national memorials.

## LEADER MUSSOLINI

**A MAN OF ACTION**

His Second New Town in the Pontine Marshes

### ANOTHER TRIUMPH

We may like dictators, or we may not, but Dictator Mussolini is a shining example of how to get things done. There is no man in Europe to equal him for that.

Whatever financial or trading difficulties Italy may have been suffering from she has not relaxed her efforts one whit in employing her people in reclamation work. There has been no slowing-down in the Pontine Marshes, and the King and Queen of Italy have just paid a visit to inaugurate the new town of Sabadia, which was only started last August.

Six thousand men have been hard at work, and it will not be long before a town for 20,000 people, with handsome public buildings, will stand on land which was for hundreds of years a fever-ridden marsh.

### On Reclaimed Land

It is little over a year ago that Littoria, the first town on the reclaimed land, was inaugurated, and a third town, to be named Pontinia, is already planned. This third town will be named after these Pontine Marshes which Signor Mussolini has been so eager to make the home of prosperous agriculturists.

The history of this area, which extends for some 25 miles along the sea coast and is skirted by the Appian Way, goes back to the time when the Romans conquered its inhabitants, who by drainage works had made it prosperous farm land. Under the Romans the drainage works fell into decay and it became a source of malaria. Appius Claudius himself, when he drove his famous Way along it, endeavoured to reclaim the marsh but failed, and Pope Pius the Sixth in the 18th century made another great effort. Mussolini is going to succeed where his forerunners failed.

## THE LAND YEAR

**A New Idea From the Nazis**  
**COUNTRY HOLIDAY FOR**  
**20,000 GERMAN CHILDREN**

The first trainloads of German boys and girls have left Berlin for the country, and a national experiment from which great things are expected has begun. These children are the first of the 20,000 who are to spend eight months each year in country homes at the expense of the State.

The scheme is known as the Land Year, and town-bred boys and girls are to be housed in groups of about 30 under trained leaders who will instruct them in gardening and simple country pursuits while pure air and good food build up their bodies. The first children to be selected are those of unemployed in Berlin and the industrial towns of the Ruhr, and there is little doubt that theirs is the greatest need.

It is hoped that some of the children will be so attracted by country life that they will try eventually to find work in the fields.

As the children will go straight from school to these country hostels they will relieve the overcrowded labour market from their competition for nearly a year, and when they return will start their working life with sound health and the helpfulness which good surroundings and ordered life promote.

Great care has been taken in the selection of the leaders, who will teach folklore and patriotism when the day's work is done, and, of course, the Nazi doctrine will be well driven home.

We should like to see something of the kind attempted in this country; volunteer leaders would not be lacking.

## A MYSTERY IN JUPITER

**Solving the Puzzle of Its Black Spots**

### THEIR AMAZING MOVEMENTS

Observers of Jupiter, studying that planet through powerful telescopes, noticed toward the end of 1931 a curious outbreak of small black spots which, unlike the famous red spot 30,000 miles long, are some 3000 miles in diameter.

The strange thing about these black spots is that they do not appear to move steadily round the planet, but seem to move backward and forward on its surface at thousands of miles a day.

One of the closest students of Jupiter, the Rev Theodore Phillips, who has been Director of the Jupiter Section of the British Astronomical Association since 1902, is endeavouring to solve the mystery of these spots. He has tracked them moving along the south edge of the south equatorial belt, then across the south tropical zone, and then in an opposite direction in the south temperate belt, and then they have been lost to view.

Astronomers hope to find out at what point they turn again, in the hope that it may be proved whether they move like a cyclone. Their importance is that they may give additional knowledge of the atmosphere of Jupiter.

## A GREAT LINER TOUCHES BOTTOM

**Little-Known Work of the Navy**  
**KEEPING CHARTS**  
**UP TO DATE**

It came as a surprise to read the other day that one of the great liners, when cruising in the Dardanelles, touched bottom in an uncharted area.

It must have been one of those not yet charted by the naval survey ship which is always working in the Mediterranean, one of the 11 acting under the instructions of the Hydrographer of the Navy.

One of the little-known facts about this service is that not a year passes but maritime surveying goes on round our coasts. Three surveying ships, the Flinders, the Fitzroy, and the Kellett, have just left their home ports and will not return till the winter. They spend their time checking charts, sounding channels to see what silting may have occurred in them from tidal action, and paying particular attention to placing the position of wrecks on charts which are available for all mariners. They have as many as 4000 charts to keep up to date.

In addition, the hydrographic department of the Admiralty is responsible for tide-tables, and issues publications giving lists of lighthouses and lightships, particulars of wireless direction-finding stations, and so on.

Not only our own coasts and the Mediterranean are surveyed by these ships, but others work on the China, Africa, and East Indies stations, while another is attached to the Navy of Australia. It is a department of which landmen hear little, but for all who spend their lives on the sea its work must be regarded as invaluable.

### HELP FOR THE NEWLYWEDS

If a man will not marry of his own free will he must be encouraged to do so, say the dictators, as evidenced by their taxing of bachelors.

The Canadian National Steamships were not so aggressive. Two years ago they introduced incentives to the single to get married by inaugurating a 10 per cent reduction in fares for couples to spend their honeymoon in the West Indies or British Guiana.

## HERE CAESAR LOOKED OVER THE SEA

**THE HILL BEHIND MONTE CARLO**

**Finest Roman Monument in France Restored**

### THE INSCRIPTION PLINY READ

The proudest Roman monument in France has been given back some of the dignity it has lost down the ages.

This monument is the great tower of Augustus which was set up on a hilltop 1600 feet above the Mediterranean in the year 5 B.C. to commemorate the conquest of the Alps. It stands at La Turbie, on the Roman road through which Caesar's legions marched into Provence. At this spot they reached the summit of the coastal road, and until Rome fell thousands of legionaries must have saluted the statue of Augustus set on marble colonnades 200 feet high.

This statue was in marble, four times life-size, but for centuries it has disappeared and the great monument has been used as a quarry for the town of La Turbie. Forts have been constructed from it, shrines and palaces have been decorated with it, the glory of Augustus has been changed into high altars for cathedrals, garages for motor-cars, little sheds for goats. For a thousand years or more the dust of this crumbling ruin has been blowing about this hill above Monte Carlo.

### A Worthy Restoration

A few years ago Mr Edward Tuck, an American philanthropist, determined that the ruin should be as far as possible restored, and today the monument stands a far more worthy memorial to the greatest of the Roman Emperors. The dwellings which jostled the monument have been pulled down, and a paved court has been laid out round it. Excavations have been made far and wide, and much of the lost material has been found and restored to the monument. Sculptured reliefs have been replaced, and some of the columns.

Once more we can read the Latin inscription to the divine Augustus and peoples as Pliny read and recorded it nearly 2000 years ago.

A new bronze door has been fitted into the entrance and a spiral staircase leads up the monument to a terrace, from which there is a magnificent view of the Mediterranean below with Monte Carlo glistening on its shores, Monte Carlo which was a barren rock when La Turbie was a fine town and when this monument stood alone in all its glory.

## A LITTLE PARADISE

**Shining Cliff Woods For the Nation**

Yet another bit of lovely Derbyshire is now safe in the possession of the National Trust.

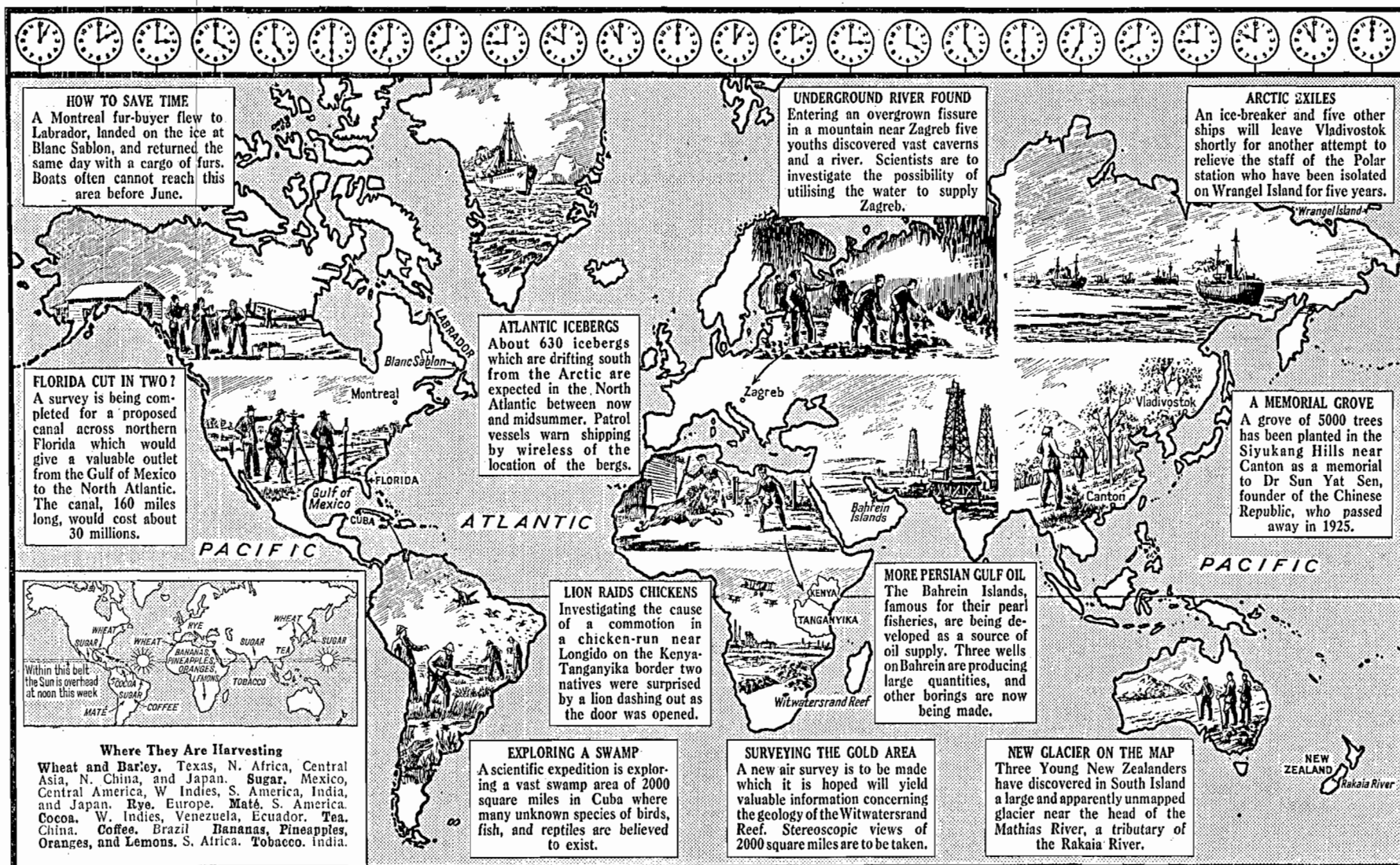
The 50 acres of Taddington Wood and two glorious stretches of Dovedale were given to the nation within the last six months, and now Alderman J. G. Graves, of Sheffield, has added 200 acres of trees climbing up and down two hill-tops and as beautiful as their name of Shining Cliff Woods.

They formed part of the estate of Alderwasley Hall, between Ambergate and Whatstandwell, at the southern gateway to the Peak Country, and from their bold headlands we may look over a great stretch of Derbyshire. Soon the rhododendron bushes will be out, to draw travellers to the railway carriage window as they pass by on the main line of the L.M.S.

The remaining 100 acres of the woods have been bought for a second camp of the Grith Fyrd Unemployment Training Scheme, whose first camp in the New Forest has had such fine results.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## ANOTHER TERRIBLE THING TO GO

### One More Disease Curable TRANSPLANTING A NERVE

Two surgeons, an American and an Englishman, have been cooperating for five years to cure the disfiguring disease known as facial paralysis, and sufferers have at last been cured.

The English surgeon is Sir Charles Ballance, a veteran of 78 years, and his American colleague is Dr Deul of the Manhattan Ear Hospital.

Now facial paralysis is caused by the accidental cutting or the disease of a nerve controlling the muscles of the face, so that the cure of the disease had to be attacked through the nerve. A new nerve, in fact, had to be transplanted to help the old one to recover.

Dr Deul has operated on sixty patients successfully, and has sent to the College of Surgeons 6000 feet of film showing his results. This film is to be shown at a meeting of the Association of Surgeons, when Sir Charles Ballance will describe this wonderful operation.

It is suggested that the new discovery may be applied to other diseases with equal success.

## THE MEN OF THE TREES

The idea of trees as memorials is one which appeals to everybody.

A New Zealander, having read in the C.N. of the memorial trees planted by the Hungarian village of Mezohegyes, writes to tell us of the oaks which make beautiful his town of Oamaru in far-away Otago.

Each oak bears a brass plate with the name of someone who never came back from the war, and on each recurring Armistice Day wreaths of flowers decorate the branches.

## AN UNKNOWN KING Fall of His Dynasty

A strange little story has ended with the death of Queen Mariangela, the last ruler of Tavorlara.

Tavorlara is a tiny rocky islet off the coast of Sardinia. One day early last century Charles Albert, King of Sardinia and forefather of the present King of Italy, landed on the tiny isle in a lighthearted mood.

He saw a man keeping goats, and asked how many people lived on the island. The man replied, "I and my family." "Then," said Charles Albert, laughing, "you shall be king of it."

So Paolo the goatherd had a Royal Ensign flying over his cottage, and a magnificent coat-of-arms hung above the door. For what it was worth, he actually was king of the rock.

His sons died, and his daughter Mariangela inherited the kingdom. Now she has died unmarried, and the island will belong to Italy.

It is rather sad to think that the dynasty perished so soon, and that the world's smallest kingdom is now merely a dependency.

## 180 MILLION LISTENERS One in Twelve

Mr Arthur Burrows, of the International Broadcasting Bureau at Geneva, says that at the end of 1933 the world's wireless listeners had increased to 180,000,000.

This estimate is apparently reached by the method of multiplying by four the number of wireless receivers in use, which is 45,000,000.

As the world's population is now about 2,100,000,000, the listeners are about one in 12. Very good, in view of world depression; but a splendid field for radio enterprise is still open. Rightly used, it is a splendid means of drawing all peoples together.

## NEW ZEALAND LOVES THE SUN

### A Longer Summer Time

Official Summer Time has lasted a month longer in New Zealand this year than in previous years.

In the ordinary course of events the people of New Zealand, who put their clocks on half an hour in spring, would have put their clocks back to standard time on March 18, but Parliament decided that the clocks should stay ahead of standard time until April 29.

It seems to show that New Zealanders are determined to enjoy as much sunlight as they can.

Summer time in New Zealand comes at the same time as winter in the northern half of the world, and when the clocks are put on half an hour in New Zealand they are exactly 12 hours ahead of Greenwich time, which means that on the wireless Big Ben can be heard striking midnight in London while New Zealand clocks are striking midday.

## TRAVELLERS IN THE AIR

During the first year of operation, ten years ago, Imperial Airways machines, covering 1760 miles of Continental air routes, flew 853,024 miles, and carried 11,395 passengers and 26 tons of goods and mails.

In a recent twelve-months period the company's machines were flying over 14,000 miles of Continental and Empire routes. They flew 2,355,834 miles and carried 59,966 passengers and 882 tons of goods and mails.

## THE FIREARM DANGER

A Bill has passed the House of Commons forbidding the sale of firearms to anyone under 17, nor will it be possible for such young people to hire them. Hitherto the age has been 14.

The Bill, which was introduced by a private member, has been commended by the Home Secretary, and there is little doubt that it will pass the Lords.

## NATIONS CUTTING DOWN EXPENSES

### Drastic Steps in France and Italy

France and Italy are seeking relief from financial difficulty in big cuts in the pay of civil servants and others.

In France consequent strikes have occurred among railwaymen and postal servants. Even French soldiers' pensions are being taxed.

In Italy drastic steps have been taken to cut expenditure while also reducing rents and food prices.

All members of the Government submit to a reduction of a fifth in salaries, while the wages of State employees who earn over £8 a month are reduced by from 6 to 12 per cent. All domestic rents are reduced by 12 per cent, while business rents are cut 15 per cent.

Retail food prices are reduced by 10 per cent. This is done by cutting the cooperative shop prices; other shops necessarily follow. The tax on bachelors is increased by half.

In Italy the supreme powers of the Government make it easier than in France to make such economies.

## HIS GOOD TURN

### Helping the Man in the Sky

A bus driver in the Midlands did a good turn one misty day not long ago.

He noticed an aeroplane circling round and round, and, realising that the airman had lost his bearings, climbed on top of his bus and displayed skyward the bus sign DERBY, pointing meanwhile in the Derby direction.

Swooping low, the airman read all he wanted to know and flew on, to tell the tale himself, though he never found out the name of the helpful bus-driver.



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 5 1934

## Light in the City

THE publication of a glorious picture of modern Rome at night, with electricity to outline the dome of St Peter's, may well suggest that we are missing the way in illuminating our cities.

What happens now is that public authority gives us hum-drum lighting to make our streets safe, and leaves the rest to private endeavour. Private endeavour, in its turn, then proceeds to advertise whisky, beer, tobacco, and such things on the tallest buildings whose proprietors will let out their fronts for the purpose. Greed does the rest, and architecture is reduced at night to garish and vulgar display. As in Broadway, New York, so in our own Piccadilly, the advertiser with his long purse rules the night.

We must not submit tamely to this shaping of our lives by private irresponsible powers. The night of a town should be and could be lovely, throwing its cloak mercifully over what is poor and unfortunate, and lending a beauty of its own to all things. And then Light, the light of the scientist, should be and could be used to reveal the glory of great buildings. Wren and others have left us noble monuments that could take on a new value if lighted as the Romans light St Peter's. In a city so illuminated to walk would be a privilege.

It is not size but worth that makes the great city. Our towns are too easily resigned to agencies which degrade them by day and by night. The street signs are ever multiplying as the vain struggle to sell what is made continues. Every street asks us why we do not buy something, and often asks it in a vulgar way. One answer to this question is that the right things are not always offered for sale; another is that science, which gives us Light at night among so many other things, has not yet discovered how to liberate purchasing power; and another, we are glad to say, is that an increasing number of people are resolved not to buy things advertised in such a way as to spoil our streets and our countryside. This is a weapon which all may use, and many do.

It is a comfort that little purchasing power would be required to light London in the right way. A fraction of the existing expenditure asking us to drink more stuff would illuminate the chief architectural beauties of the metropolis.

We have lost sight, in a light too bright, of beauty and peace. Yes, light in the city is much more than a material thing!



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### The Canons

THE heavy cannon of the Church has been firing a few volleys.

It was only the other day that one canon of the Church of England wrote to call the Editor of the C.N. a cad, and now we read of another canon who would shoot all pacifists at sight.

Peace be unto you, dear canons.

### The Road Ruffians

AGAIN and again the motoring correspondents of the Press declare that there is a marked improvement in driving manners. So it was said to be at Easter, when we were told that motorists were much more careful.

The Minister of Transport disposes of the story with the appalling information that the two weeks ending March 31 and April 7 saw 189 killed outright while 60 wounded were expected to die.

It is unfortunately not true that only a small number of motorists offend; if it were true the number of killed and wounded could not reach hundreds of thousands a year.

*The truth is that there are far too many dangerous, selfish, ill-mannered people on the roads in charge of dangerous machines.*

### A Little Thing To Do

WILL some bright schoolboy at Appledore please rewrite for the church the interesting notes on heraldry in the south chapel? We will gladly send him 5s on hearing from the vicar that he has done so.

### The Countryside

WE must do something to dignify our countryside, said one of our M.P.s the other day.

It seems to us a very happy thing that, as a rule, all we have to do to dignify the countryside is to leave it alone; but if our M.P. means that it has been turned into a circus in the last 20 years we shall all agree with him.

A new Aunt Sally has just appeared on one of the great roads out of London where there are already nine in three miles, as if a motor-car should want a petrol station every few seconds. May we suggest to our M.P. that he should ask our National Government to save the nation from stupidities like this?

And may we ask all our authorities that where their roads are made hideous through no fault of their own it lies within their power to plant roadside trees to hide the hideous sight from public gaze? Thus easily and cheaply they may dignify their countryside again.

### The Happy Man

Happy the man whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground. Alexander Pope

### Wasting a Day

AMONG ancient Parliamentary customs which should surely go is the traditional waste of Budget Day.

It is the custom, after the Chancellor has made his speech, for the Opposition leaders to utter a few graceful words complimenting him and avoiding controversy as far as possible. Then the House adjourns to think it over, and the rest of the day is wasted.

How absurd this is! The House is quite well able to discuss the Budget at once, and certainly it should do so. We are often told that Parliament has not time enough to do important things (to give children clean milk, for instance, to save babies from inflammable toys); but it would have time in plenty if it did not waste so much.


### Tip-Cat

A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE furniture manufacturer has made a fortune. He must have had a good deal.

A POSTMAN made a clever after-dinner speech. Gave several of his friends knocks.

MANY people are musical without knowing it, we are told. What is worse is that many people are unmusical without knowing it.

**Peter Puck  
Wants To Know**



If the printer who  
dropped the type  
broke the news

skating are natural and unstudied, an expert tells us. Especially when you sit down.

SOMEONE has invented a silent motor-engine. He hopes it will make a big noise.

TABLES to which extra leaves can be added are always popular. Especially with vegetarians.

BIG BEN is being spring cleaned. A tall order.

THERE was an explosion at a watch factory the other day. Something gone wrong with the works.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AN old lady of Crewe, aged 70, has made 2000 garments for the unemployed.

LORD WAKEFIELD has given £500 a year for two engineering scholarships.

A ROAD BILL in Ulster proposes imprisonment for the first offence of dangerous or drunken driving.

### JUST AN IDEA

*If a beggar tells you a false story the shame is his; but if you refuse to help someone in trouble the shame is yours.*

## A Cup of Tea Down in Somerset

WE have been having tea with a great and gracious lady down in Somerset, and a hundred things we remember of it all.

We remember the wonderful Nature pictures her mother painted, so real that the painted leaves look like pressed leaves and we expect to be able to pick them up.

We remember the wonderful screen our great lady herself has painted, a museum piece if ever there was one, showing Creation from earth to sky and from the beginning of life till now. Never were such creatures; never will there be again.

But what we liked most of all was something that is not artistic but is just a Notice Board, of all common things the most commonplace, yet with something rare about it which compels us to proclaim it.

It stands at the bottom of a garden beloved of one of our Lord Chancellors, on the edge of grass which the sea is eating up, not bit by bit, but piece by piece. Though it has never been in print before we are going to ask our readers to meet it, as the Americans say. It is worth meeting, for it tells the truth, which a trespass board rarely does—or at any rate it refuses to tell a lie, which most trespass boards do.

We do not know quite how it happened, but we feel sure we are right when we say that our good Lord Chancellor, wishing to give notice to trespassers that this was his private ground, said to himself that he, supreme head of the law in this country, must not copy all those impertinent little boards up and down the countryside warning us off with the ridiculous threat that we shall be prosecuted. So it was that the Lord Chancellor wrote for his painter-man, not Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted, but *Trespassers will be Severely Dealt With*

Quite how severely they were dealt with we do not know; but we do know that one day the Lord Chancellor's wife found picnickers trespassing who declared there was no gate, and, lo! when she looked our hostess found that the all-devouring sea had truly carried the gate away. For this inveterate trespasser there is no punishment, and what will happen to this notice board in course of time we do not know. But we suggest that our charming friend Lady Cave should take it up, label it *The trespass board of an honest Lord Chancellor*, and send it with her screen to South Kensington.

Of Lord Cave himself, who served his country nobly and won the love of all who knew him in the dark hours of the war, we found these words at his graveside: that he neither sought greatness nor shunned it, but found it in the path of duty. It is a noble epitaph: who would not love to have it said of him?



May 5, 1934

The Children's Newspaper

7

## HE GAVE US BANK HOLIDAY

A WISE MAN BORN  
100 YEARS AGO

The Public Look in at Lord  
Avebury's Old Home

HIS VILLAGE IN KENT

The last day of April completed the hundredth year since the birth of a famous Englishman whom every boy and girl should know and every man and woman should honour.

He was first known as Sir John Lubbock, and then as Lord Avebury.

We remember him when he was a banker, when he gave us half an hour of his precious time to talk of books and other things, for the most courteous of men was he. When he went to Parliament it was in the hope of doing something worth while, and he did two things abundantly worth while: he succeeded in passing the Ancient Monuments Act, which has saved so many old buildings for England; and the Bank Holidays Act, which has been so great a blessing to our people. It is for this that he is best remembered, and to keep his name before us at this centenary time it was arranged that his house in Kent, High Elms at Farnborough, near Bromley, should be thrown open to the public on the Saturday afternoon before the anniversary. It was a privilege greatly appreciated by a great number of people, who will not forget the charm of High Elms and the lovely burial copse where Lord Avebury lies.

### On the Road to Downe

Farnborough, the scene of Avebury's life, lies on the road to Darwin's village; they were great friends and neighbours. The village has a treasure at once proud and lovely in its church. A little apart from the village it stands, alone on a high bank above the sunken lane. It has great simplicity and much charm.

A terrific storm destroyed the church 300 years ago, 200 years ago the steeple was blown down, 100 years ago the new steeple was blown down. It was then made smaller and now stands square to all the winds that blow.

By the door as we enter two fine old things greet us. One is a Bible of 1640, which belonged to the parish clerk of those days; the other is a font that was carved on eight sides some time in the 14th century.

### A Charming Vista

The yew tree was planted in 1640, when the church had been rebuilt. It adorns a very beautiful churchyard, and there must fall under it sometimes the shadow of one of the best peace memorials in the countryside. It is a graceful cross, with steps at the foot, and a long low wall of great stones, one for each Farnborough man who died that we might live.

In this churchyard there slept for years this great English gentleman, the man who gave our people their Bank Holidays, Lord Avebury. He lived in the white house which gives a charming vista to this God's acre, and they laid him here because he loved this place.

### Pioneer of Insect Study

It is incredible, but it is true, that picnickers who came this way abused his grave so that it was removed to private ground in his own garden. It is incredible, but it is true, that at the west door of this church, neatly carved with a memorial inscription, a crowd of louts and loons have scratched initials on the stonework of the arch. Shameful anywhere it would be, but in this well-kept churchyard, with a church so neat and clean, it is a crime.

Lord Avebury was a writer of books of good counsel and wise judgment, a geologist who never tired of the study of scenery, a politician of great public spirit, and a student of early man and primitive society. His first-hand work

## HANSLIP FLETCHER TELLS A STORY

In a talk on London from the Pavement that Mr Hanslip Fletcher gave the other day to the Royal Society of Arts he told the story of how a procession of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London was held up so that it could come into one of his delightful pictures.

He was drawing the Guildhall for his famous series of etchings in the Sunday Times (some of which have just been collected in a handsome two-guinea volume), and the Beadle agreed with him that the picture lacked sparkle and the touch of life. But the Beadle had an idea, the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs were to cross the Guildhall floor that day to attend a court: why not stop them and put them in?

This is Mr Fletcher's own account of what happened next:

I sent swiftly to the sword-bearer, but was referred to the mace-bearer at the Mansion House and was admitted instantly, as they thought I was Sir Banister Fletcher, the incoming Sheriff. I said, however, that I was only the wretched artist drawing in their dark Guildhall with the light of a Corporation candle.

My petition was that the procession should arrive at 2.55 to give me five minutes to put them in the picture. My request was granted. Next day, with pencils sharpened, candle alight, quivering with excitement, I sketched them within three minutes. Across the Guildhall resounds, "Have you finished, Mr Fletcher?" "Yes, thank you," I cried; "pass, Lord Mayor of London."

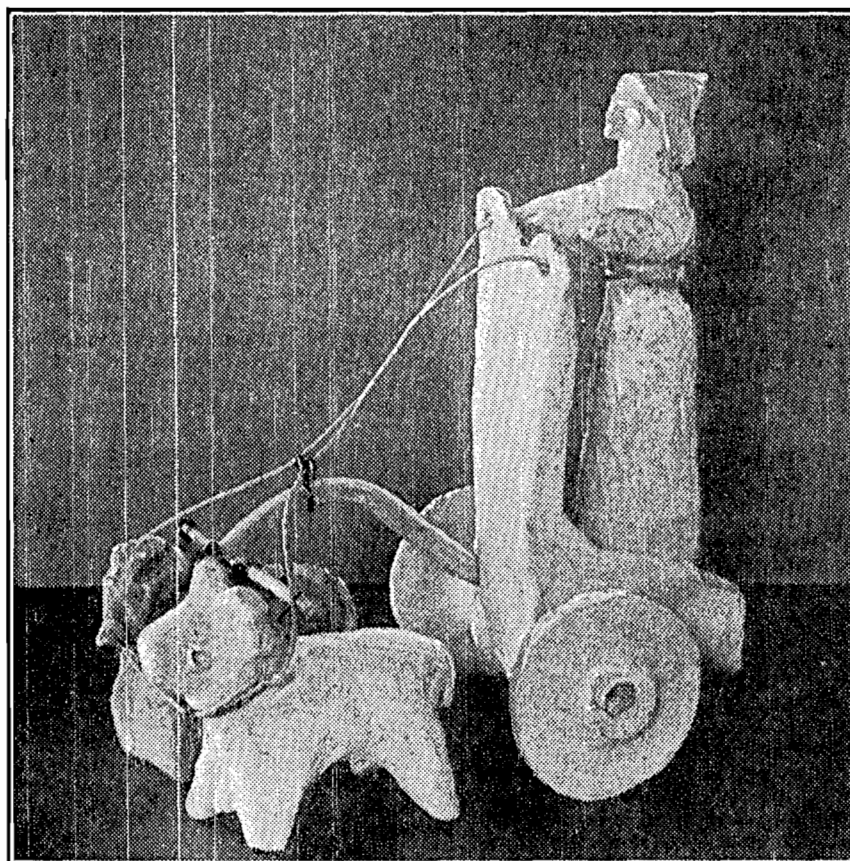
## TOYS OF LONG AGO



Dolls in a shoe, a toy perhaps  
three hundred years old.



An 18th-century doll with a little  
kitchen in the skirt.



A chariot of clay dug up recently at Ur.

Here are some of the toys in the Children Throughout the Ages Exhibition at Chesterfield House in London. The exhibition is open until May 29.

Continued from the previous column

on very different kinds of societies is, however, his most notable claim to respect. His book on Ants, Bees, and Wasps must long be a classic. To him is due the real and substantial credit of having been able to recognise the interest of insect societies before it was generally perceived.

His work, thought at first to be a kind almost beneath the dignity of naturalists, has proved to be the starting-point of a branch of study still only

in its infancy, from which some of the most significant truths of the living world are being obtained. In many notable respects insect societies and the instinctive capacities of insects, as studied by Lord Avebury with such success a generation ago, are superior to anything in human achievement.

It was Lord Avebury who opened wide the gates of the insect kingdom for many thousands, and his work must come to be increasingly regarded as an important chapter of natural history pioneering.

## 12 YEARS IN ABRAHAM'S CITY TREASURES FROM UR OF THE CHALDEES

Mr Leonard Woolley Digs  
Down 6000 Years Deep

TEMPLE OF THE MOON GOD

Twelve years have now passed since Mr Leonard Woolley began to excavate the site of Ur of the Chaldees, the city in which Abraham lived 4000 years ago.

It was a magnificent city in the days of that great patriarch, for the River Euphrates then flowed past its walls and was a source of irrigation to the fields around.

But 12 years of work by Mr Woolley and his colleagues from the University of Pennsylvania have revealed a civilisation which had long passed away when Abraham walked those streets. Beneath his feet were the treasures of the great king Ur Nammu, who had ruled here 350 years before, and of kings who were surrounded by Sumerian artists of high accomplishment over a thousand years before he lived.

### A Thrilling Episode

It was from the graves of about 3500 B.C. that were brought to light the wonderful dagger of gold and lapis lazuli which is perhaps the oldest example of the goldsmith's work in the world yet is so finely wrought that it might have been made but yesterday, and a gaming-board of mother-of-pearl and lapis lazuli, on which the king himself may have played.

The most thrilling episode in the 12 years spent by Mr Woolley at Ur was the excavation of the royal tomb 5000 years old, when he found round the tomb the bodies of the ladies of the Court, soldiers, servants, wagoners, and oxen, all of whom were slain at the funeral of their master.

### The Tower of Babel

The Sumerians came to Ur from the mountainous land where they worshipped their gods in groves on high hills. In the river valley there were no hills, so they threw up great mounds on which they erected their temples.

The most famous of these is the Tower of Babel which is now destroyed; but the best-preserved in the whole land is the ziggurat at Ur, a tower of solid brick with a base 210 feet long by 140 feet wide. On this base was built up in steps, stage by stage, a monument 60 feet high on which was set the shrine of the Moon god.

The ziggurat was in a corner of a sacred area surrounded by a massive wall, and the temples, storehouses, and tombs within this area have been revealed with their treasures.

The chief task this year has been the excavation of a cemetery over 50 feet below the surface of the ground. Hundreds of vessels of stone, gypsum, and alabaster have been discovered, as well as copper bowls and necklaces of precious stones, one of them being of gold. All the stone from which these vessels were fashioned had been imported from a great distance.

### Pottery 6000 Years Old

As the workers delved deeper stone became rarer, and vessels of pottery became more numerous. Some of the pottery was painted red and burnished, while some was decorated with three or four colours. A few of these objects are nearly 6000 years old.

Other objects have been found in the Ur inhabited after Abraham's time, school tablets from a large Babylonian house, and a tiny doll in polychrome glass, with a collection of Persian letters from a house of the fifth century B.C.

There is still much more excavation to be done at Ur, and the tale of its civilisation is not yet complete.



## SEEING INTO THE FILM

### Three-Dimension Screen CAN IT BE DONE ?

Because we have two eyes, which see objects from different angles, we possess the power of seeing sufficiently round corners to perceive things as solids and not merely as flat surfaces.

The painter endeavours to deceive the eyes by his painted shadows, but the eye sees quite plainly that a picture is merely a flat surface.

The photographer, by using two lenses, can make two pictures corresponding to the single picture seen by each eye; and by looking at the two slightly different photographs through the two lenses of a stereoscope we have combined vision restored to us; the picture stands out in true solidity.

Can this scientific trick be performed also for the cinematograph ?

News comes from Germany that a Professor Koegal has succeeded by using a special screen which in some undisclosed way reflects the two slightly different sets of photographs needed to produce the illusion of height, width, and depth.

A wonderful thing to do, for a relief film, properly coloured, would then simulate life in a most uncanny way.

## SAVED FROM DISASTER

### Broken Rudder in the Antarctic

Fortune was on the side of Mr Lincoln Ellsworth's expedition when it returned from the Antarctic to New Zealand.

An examination of the expedition ship Wyatt Earp in the dry dock at Port Chalmers showed that the rudder stock had been fractured in two places when the ship was crushed in the ice.

When the ship was first examined it was thought there was little wrong with the rudder stock, but the defects were so serious that the stock snapped off as it was being unshipped in the dry dock. Engineers considered that but for the tight-fitting trunkway on which it worked it would have been broken before.

Had the stock broken while the Wyatt Earp was in Antarctic waters there would have been nothing to prevent the rudder from swinging round and stripping the propeller blades, which would have made the ship a helpless derelict.

## GIANT MAGNETS

### What Will Be Done With Them

Russia is making the biggest magnet in the world, and it will weigh 40 tons.

It is being assembled at the Electrosila Works in Leningrad, and at the beginning of June will be set up in the Radium Institute there.

The biggest magnet in England is now being completed at Trafford Park, near Manchester. It weighs ten tons, and will be installed on the new London University site this month.

The Russian magnet will be used to bombard and break up the atom, while Professor Blackett in Bloomsbury is going to study the mysterious cosmic rays which strike the Earth from the outer atmosphere.

As bricks and mortar would shield the rays from the magnet the professor is housing it in a wooden hut.

## THE ONLY PENNY LEFT

Boys and girls of Ancoats, Manchester, have lost a good friend in Mr Samuel McDermott, house foreman at the Methodist Mission Men's Home.

Every day numbers of children waited outside the Home for the pennies and sometimes sixpences he used to distribute among them. He gave all his pay away like this, and when he died all he had to leave were a few clothes and one penny.

## MEXICO'S CHILDREN

### Millions Without Schools A RICH COUNTRY AND ITS FUTURE

A good deal has been done for education in Mexico in recent years, and there are now some 18,000 schools in the Republic. But for over 2,000,000 Mexican children no schools yet exist.

Whereas formerly about 85 per cent of the population were illiterate, this proportion has now been reduced to 50, and another generation will see it reduced to a negligible figure. In the Federal District over 200,000 children are reported to be attending primary schools, which is about 80 per cent of the children of school age in the District. Steps are being taken to increase schools and to make attendance compulsory.

The overwhelming majority of the people are still occupied in agriculture.

The influx of 300,000 Mexicans repatriated from the United States during the depression created a serious problem, but the establishment of special agricultural communities, together with a roadmaking programme, has helped to alleviate the problem. The total number of unemployed is estimated at 200,000, but as the population number 16,000,000 the proportion of workless is small.

## THE EXPLODING UNIVERSE

### All From a Little Globule

Abbot Georges Lemaitre of the University of Louvain has won the Francqui Prize, given annually to a Belgian who has brought great scientific honour to his country.

The abbot's astronomical work has already won wide recognition by scientists, for it was in 1931 that he made public his famous theory of the Exploding Universe. It is a rather terrifying theory, and it means that about five thousand million years ago our huge Universe was tightly packed into one little globule. Then it suddenly exploded, and the billions of fragments were thrown into space. We know them as stars and planets, and after all this time they are still spreading outward and spinning at a speed of thousands of miles a second, with you who read and we who write, and the B.B.C., and Hitler, and Lord Beaverbrook, all spinning with it.

## LIVING CLOUDS AND RUSHING FLOODS

Huge clouds of mosquitoes are flying over South-West Africa, bringing malaria to its unfortunate people.

It is a wide stock-raising country of over 300,000 square miles. Agriculture would be difficult owing to a general lack of water, yet it is floods which have given rise to the present crisis. For the floods have contaminated the water supplies which exist and have proved breeding-grounds for the mosquitoes.

The floods have also interrupted communications, washing away the railway in places, so that it has proved difficult to supply food and medicine to the sufferers at Windhoek, which has an outbreak of typhoid and diphtheria. In one area over 100 Europeans and natives have already died of malaria.

South-West Africa is the territory which was surrendered by Germany to the Union of South Africa during the war. It is administered by the Union under a mandate from the League.

## ALL THEY COULD GIVE

In admiration of the work being done by the Home of Our Lady of Lourdes in Didsbury, Manchester, a poor woman has sent to the Home the first ten shillings of her old age pension, while a young working-girl has sent her first week's wages.

## BIGGEST TUNED BELL

### Little John of Nottingham AN IDEA FOR THE B.B.C.

Now that we have heard Big Tom's voice from the tower of St Paul's we suggest to the B.B.C. that others of our bells might take their turn at striking the hour on the wireless.

Only the other day a Robin Hood from Sherwood Forest was writing to extol Little John of Nottingham, a seven-year-old bell made by Taylor of Loughborough and said to be the largest of all tuned bells. Little John weighs over ten tons, and next to Great Peter of York, is the heaviest bell in the provinces.

"We Sherwood folk," said this Robin Hood, "shudder every time we hear Big Ben's cracked voice since our ears became attuned to Little John's exquisite tones."

All over the country there must be bell stars only waiting for the opportunity of broadcasting, and we hope the B.B.C. will give us the chance of hearing them. We are all very fond of Big Ben for his associations, but he is not the sweetest-toned announcer, and we would like to hear a few of the others.

## 40 MINUTES FACING DEATH

### Two Men and 100 Tons of Iron

The Edward Medal pinned to a man's coat usually means that somewhere is another man or a woman or child whose life has been saved by this man's gallantry.

Patrick Torley has won his medal by saving a man from the terrible death of being buried in iron ore. The award has only now been made, but it all happened last September, when one of the men at the United Steel Company's works at Workington in Cumberland cried out for someone to help him. Patrick Torley heard his cries, and found that 100 tons of iron ore in a bunker had shifted and the man was already buried up to his armpits.

First Mr Torley shouted for help, and then he went into the bunker and, with his back against another pile of ore, held the man up. For 40 minutes his arms were round him while the others shovelled the ore away, and at any time during those 40 minutes the ore might have shifted and buried both men.

## AN EPIDEMIC WE LIKE

A splendid epidemic has broken out at Hyde in Cheshire, and we hope it will spread through all our industrial cities, for it is tree-planting.

It began in a quiet little street where no one seemed to be bothering, and now all the roads radiating from the centre of the town to its boundary have been planted with trees suitable for town conditions.

The Parks Committee is now turning its attention to the side streets, many of which also have been, or are going to be, planted. In a few years all road travellers through Hyde will pass along green avenues.

## A THUNDERSTORM HOBBY

Many of our readers have already helped Mr S. Morris Bower with his interesting hobby.

He compiles reports for the Meteorological Office concerning thunderstorms, hail, and lightning, and is in touch with about 1200 observers all over the British Isles.

He began his self-appointed task about five years ago, and is continuing it this summer, so that he will still be grateful to have particulars of summer storms sent to him at Langley Terrace, Oakes, Huddersfield. He is also opening up a new branch of the work by studying trees struck by lightning.

## DEADLY NICOTINE

### Master Poison of Too Many Lives A PERIL OF SMOKING

The folly of acquiring the tobacco habit to an extent which makes nicotine the master of the human will would be less prevalent if the potency of the poison were widely realised.

Pure nicotine is one of the most deadly poisons known to science, and it may easily be taken into the body because it is soluble through smoking.

The Home Office report on industrial poisoning gives particulars of a case of acute nicotine poisoning which shows how virulent the poison can be.

A girl factory worker, moving a tin of concentrated nicotine, spilled some on her forearm. The amount was not more than two ounces, but the result was astonishing. She rolled back the sleeve of her jumper and washed her arm with hot water. About half an hour later she was violently sick and collapsed on removal to the works surgery. Her clothing was removed by the nurse and the skin thoroughly cleansed. Her condition gave rise to considerable anxiety, but she eventually recovered.

It is interesting to record that she was a non-smoker, and there is no doubt that washing with hot water increased the absorption. Even the nurse was affected.

## 18 TREES FROM LEBANON

### The East Thanks the West

Eighteen trees have been presented to the American nation by the people of the Near East in gratitude for what America did for them after the war.

They are cedars from the mountain forests of Lebanon and are to be planted in the National Cemetery at Arlington. Before being sent off they were blessed by Sahag the Second, leader of the Armenian Church, and at dawn on Easter Sunday Mrs Roosevelt presided at a ceremony accepting them on behalf of the American people. The trees range from 12 inches to 10 feet high, and it is hoped they will grow to 60 or 80 feet.

The gift reminds us that the United States raised the huge sum of 25 million pounds to aid the thousands in the Near East who were homeless owing to the war. The Americans dealt with 132,000 orphans and taught 60,000 children a trade. They saved the old people from poverty and the young from ignorance, and it is good to feel that their work is remembered.

## Mr BALDWIN TELLS A STORY

This is from Mr Baldwin's speech at the opening of the new extension of the London Library in St James's Square.

He remembered a friend of his who moved in most plutocratic circles telling him that he went over a magnificent house in London which might be described in auctioneers' catalogues as a mansion. He was shown by the proud possessor the various rooms, the curtains and tapestries, bathrooms, and all that went to make a beautiful, commodious residence; but his friend found no library, and felt that it must be too sacred for him to enter. He eventually asked: "Where do you keep your books?"

A puzzled expression came into the face of the possessor of the mansion as he answered: "Books, books! Why, in the City; in the office, of course."

## 69 YEARS RINGING BELLS

The oldest bellringer in this country, still on active service, is a shoemaker, Mr James Barnett, aged 85.

For 69 years he has helped to ring the bells of Northallerton Parish Church, and was captain of the ringers of this famous peal of bells for many years. In spite of his years he frequently takes part in ringing out a peal.



May 5, 1934

*The Children's Newspaper*

9

## CLEANING THE GLOBE · THE REED HARVEST · THAMES SAILING RACE



Spring-Cleaning the Globe—Removing the winter grime from the well-known sign on a building at Ludgate Circus. St Paul's Cathedral is seen in the distance.



The Reed Harvest—Building a stack of thatching-reeds which are being harvested at the side of old Horse Mill on the Norfolk Broads.



Yacht Race on the Thames—A breezy day provides ideal conditions for a race by members of a sailing club at Surbiton.



## ARE TAXES STILL TOO HIGH?

### THE BUDGET BENEFITS

Tonic Effect of a Lighter Income Tax

### HARD CASE OF POLICE AND TEACHERS

By Our Financial Correspondent

The Budget of 1934 (for the twelve months ending March 1935) may be summed up by saying that it does this year what could have been, and ought to have been, done last.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer now budgets for a surplus (on the basis of existing taxation) of £29,100,000. With this sum he distributes the following benefits:

Income Tax lowered from 5s to 4s 6d, in the £. This costs £20,500,000.

Unemployment Pay restored (from July 1) to rates of 1931. This costs £3,600,000.

The many cuts made in salaries and pay of judges, Ministers, M.P.s, teachers, Civil Servants, police, and others are to be restored by one-half. This costs £4,000,000.

The horse-power tax on motor-cars and motor-cycles to be reduced from £1 to 15s.

### Stimulant To Trade

The total cost of these benefits is roundly £29,000,000. But the realised surplus of last year was £31,000,000, so that all the benefits now given could have been given last year.

The nation has been severely over-taxed. Let us see what the Chancellor now says of the effect of his income-tax reductions. Here are his own words:

*I have no hesitation in coming to the conclusion that the relief which will confer the most direct benefit on the country, have the greatest psychological effect, and impart the most important and vigorous stimulant to the expansion of trade and employment, is a reduction in the standard rate of income tax.*

Those words, so far as they are true, would have been equally true if uttered last year. For twelve months we might have enjoyed the stimulating effect of lower taxes.

### A Narrow View

This is very important, because there is good reason to hold that the Chancellor is repeating his mistake. He is again taking a very narrow view of possibilities. One authority puts the expected surplus, not at the Chancellor's modest £29,100,000, but at £61,000,000. In the C.N. we have named a possible £50,000,000. To budget for £40,000,000 would have been everywhere accepted as most reasonable.

If this view is accepted the new Budget, like the last, overtakes the nation.

It may be that a great opportunity is being lost by the Chancellor's cautiousness. The greater part of the nation gets no direct benefit from the Budget. The little income-tax payers might have been given back the allowances and exemptions of which Lord Snowden deprived them. Many people think the teachers and police and others should have had all and not half of the 1931 cuts restored. Theirs is a hard case and they must wait still further.

### Unnecessary Taxes

Our people as a whole have been quite unnecessarily punished by taxation in the last few years. It is excellent that the mistake is at last realised; it is not at all excellent to reflect that, in the last 12 months, the huge sum of £31,000,000 has been taken from the public in unnecessary taxes and so taken out of proper expenditure and investment. By law it cannot be restored, but goes to pay off part of the National Debt.

Now we embark on a new period in which taxes, slightly reduced, still remain too high.

## THE STEAM PLANE

### German Inventor's Wonderful New Engine

### AND A SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT IN AMERICA

Will the steam-engine be used for driving aeroplanes?

The internal combustion engine has made it possible for man to wing his way through the clouds, but before the days of the petrol engine many inventors tried steam, including Stringfellow and, later, Sir Hiram Maxim. Maxim's great steam-driven aeroplane actually left its rails for a short distance in 1894, but it was unable to make a sustained flight.

Now news comes from Germany of a new steam-engine for aeroplanes. The great disadvantage of this type has hitherto been its enormous weight for the power produced; but the German inventor, Herr Huettnier, claims to have overcome this drawback. Oil-gas is used to generate the steam and the engine has a rotary boiler combined with a turbine. It is expected to develop 2500 h.p. The engine is still under construction, but experts have declared the principle to be sound.

### From Railway To Air

If the German invention fulfils expectations it will not be the first steam-engine to fly successfully, for in April last year flights were made at Oakland in California by an aeroplane driven by a steam-engine that had been designed for shunting Pullman cars on a railway. It proved remarkably silent in the air, and had the great advantage of being reversible, so that the propeller could be used as an air-brake.

The engine was, of course, heavy for the power it developed, but it was not designed for aircraft. A great saving in weight could be effected if aeronautical practice were followed.

In light-weight metals and the turbine modern inventors possess advantages undreamed of by Trevithick, the Stephensons, and others of the old steam-engine men. So it may be that there is a future for steam in the air, and the German experiments will be watched with considerable interest.

The risk of fire is less and the steam-engine is certainly more silent than the internal combustion engine.

## PLENTY OF FOOD

### But Not Enough To Eat

### FACTS ABOUT THE UNDERFED WORLD

The International Labour Office reports much underfeeding of the world's children during the great depression.

We know that many children have suffered in our own country, especially in the mining districts, but the report points out that conditions in other countries have been worse, because they have no Unemployment Insurance.

In the United States last year the number of children receiving insufficient nourishment was estimated at six millions. In Pennsylvania alone 216,000, out of a school population estimated at 800,000, were underfed. Thousands of American children were unable to go to school owing to lack of shoes.

In Poland, out of 432 families reported on, 131 families possessed only the clothes they were wearing. In Silesia over 80 per cent of the children were unable to attend school regularly for want of clothing.

In most countries underfeeding and lack of clothes have been sapping the health of the younger generation.

This grave situation has been accompanied by ruin for farmers who had food to sell and could not sell it, while Governments have been planning, not to distribute the food grown, but to cut down its growth!

## AFTER 1300 YEARS

### China and Persia Meet Again

### SASSANID EMPERORS AND THE GREAT TANG DYNASTY

Persia and China have resumed diplomatic relations after 13 centuries.

The Power which has, until this century at any rate, loomed large in importance in the Far East, has thus recognised the revival of civilisation in a country which went down before the Arab followers of the Prophet, when the bulk of the people were forced to accept the Mohammedan religion.

It was in the year 641 that the mighty dominion of the Sassanids came to an end. Under them the Persian Empire had exhausted itself in the long struggle against the Byzantines, but they had been a great power, triumphing over Roman emperors and Tartar princes, while one of their kings, Bahram the Fifth, fought in single combat with an emperor of China in the fifth century.

### A Glorious Period

With the seventh century China entered her most glorious period, that of the Tang dynasty. It was the Augustan Age of Chinese literature, when schools were established and great libraries formed. Tai Tsung extended the Chinese Empire to the shores of the Caspian Sea. Embassies were sent to him by Theodosius, the Greek emperor, and from Syria and India. An uncle of Mohammed came to Canton, and Chinese junks sailed to the Persian Gulf. Tai Tsung, which means Great Ancestor, welcomed Christian missionaries of the Nestorian sect, which was the only Christian sect which found a welcome in Persia.

Wireless and aviation are rapidly linking together all the countries in Asia, so that their civilisations cannot but come closer together during the next few decades.

## STRAWBERRIES

### A Shortage Coming

We are threatened with a shortage of strawberries.

Perhaps their short season makes them all the more enjoyable; certainly they are among our most popular fruits. Yet England has been growing less and less, and now horticultural experts warn us of a spreading disease in these plants.

We are told that our last year's imports were only about 12,000 cwts. compared with 90,000 in 1931; but that is only one side of the story.

At Plougastel, near Brest, stand at either end of the longest three-span bridge in the world the statues of a fisher-boy and a strawberry girl, representing the main industries of the country. Last year, when our imports of strawberries were so small, the growers here were in despair because they could not afford to sell to their best customer, England. The tariff was prohibitive, and they were being ruined.

It is comforting to learn that several Research Stations and Imperial Institutes in England and in Canada are investigating the disease, but it seems to us that perhaps the tariff disease is even more in need of a cure.

## 2,201,028 SITUATIONS

### Using the Labour Exchanges

We are glad to note that employers are increasingly using the Employment Exchanges. Last year 2,201,028 engagements were made through them.

A labour exchange, while it cannot decrease the number of unemployed, can make the lives of workpeople, especially of those working in seasonal and variable trades, more pleasant.

## THE KING AND TWO FLAGS

### BACK TO THEIR OWN COUNTRY

### The Little Day of An Unremembered Republic

### STELLALAND

General Hertzog, Prime Minister of South Africa, has sent a message to the King to thank him for restoring two flags to South Africa.

One flag is made of silk, and combines the flags of the Transvaal and Orange Free State. It was worked by the Boer women of Pretoria and given by them to General Botha, being captured when Pretoria was taken by the British. It was placed with other national treasures and trophies at Windsor Castle.

The other banner was the flag of the Stellaland Republic, and has been in British possession half a century.

### A Small Republic

In 1882 a number of Boer freebooters and adventurers espoused the cause of an African chief named Massouer, the head of the Batliping tribe. Massouer was at the time at war with a neighbouring chief, who had the support of the British. These Boer freebooters set up a small republic which they named Stellaland, on the western border of the Transvaal. Its only town was Vryburg, which consisted of a few European stores and a large native township.

A flagstaff was erected in the middle of the town and the flag of the new republic, the only one ever made, was hoisted. But the tiny republic was not destined to live long. The people had no love for these Boer adventurers, and when Sir Charles Warren advanced with a British force the freebooter administration collapsed and the republic of Stellaland came to an end without a shot. The flag was lowered and sent to the Colonial Office, which sent it to Windsor Castle. As it is the only flag of the ill-fated republic that has ever existed it is of unusual interest.

These two flags have now been sent back to South Africa by the King, and their return has given great pleasure in the Union.

General Hertzog, in acknowledging his Majesty's thoughtful action, says:

We do not know which to appreciate more, the kindly forethought in preserving these relics safely for such a long time, or the generous action in restoring them to us; and I am convinced that this proof of his Majesty's consideration for the people of the Union will touch their very hearts.

### Healing Old Wounds

Vryburg is today a thriving little town in Bechuanaland on the Cape-to-Cairo railway, and only seven miles from Tiger Kloof, one of the best-known missionary institutions in South Africa. Very few of the inhabitants, remember the Stellaland Republic, and some have never heard of it, and will certainly never have seen its flag.

The return of these two flags to South Africa will help to heal old wounds, and bind the two countries more closely together.

## TWO-MILE-A-MINUTE TRAIN

The Diesel-electric train, the electric train which needs no live rails, is drawing attention to its efficiency in America as it has done in many other countries.

A new train taken over by the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad carried a hundred passengers at 107 miles an hour, and its maximum speed is believed to be 120. The engine develops 660 horse-power.

The Diesel-electric train uses a heavy-oil motor to generate the electricity which drives the train. It is very cheap to operate.



## SATURN COMING NEARER TO THE EARTH

### VENUS RECEDING

A Chance To See Two of  
Jupiter's Moons

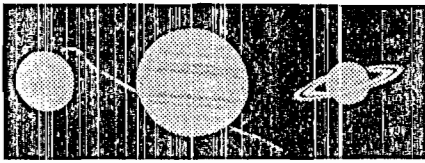
## GANYMEDE AND CALLISTO

By the C.N. Astronomer

Two worlds at present adorn the early morning sky, Saturn and Venus. They may be seen rather low down in the east before sunrise.

Venus is much the brighter, but does not rise until soon after 4 o'clock, that is, a little over an hour before the sun, so she is immersed in the dawn and a clear view down to the eastern horizon is needed to find her. Once found Venus may be followed until long after sunrise by noting her position.

She is appearing less bright as she is receding from us, and is now about 80 million miles away, so by the end of May she will be farther off than the



The relative sizes and appearance of Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn at the present time. Note the egg-shape of Venus.

Sun; but she will still remain visible, and will continue to do so before sunrise until the autumn. On the morning of Thursday, May 10, Venus may be seen some way to the right of the very slender crescent of the Moon.

Saturn, on the other hand, is getting nearer to us every day and better placed for observation. At present he rises over two hours before the Sun, and is to be found in the south-east sky between 3.30 and 4.30 a.m., or until the rising dawn obscures him. Shining like a first-magnitude star with no bright stars appearing near him Saturn's identification should be easy. An additional aid will occur in the early morning of May 7, when the crescent Moon will appear above Saturn and only about six times her own diameter away.

At present Saturn is about 950 million miles away, a terrific distance that will be reduced by about 130 million miles by the middle of August, when Saturn will be at his nearest to the Earth. As he rises about half an hour earlier each week he will gradually get into a better position for observation, and in two months be observable in the late evening. He will then be brighter and attract much more attention.

### The Most Interesting Planet

Jupiter, owing to his favourable position in the evening sky, continues to be the most interesting planet just now, and during the dark, moonless nights of next week, when he will appear unrivalled, his satellites Ganymede and Callisto may be easily seen with good field-glasses. Ganymede will be to the left of Jupiter on Sunday night, appearing about one-sixth of our Moon's diameter away; while Callisto may be seen on the opposite side about a third of our Moon's width away from Jupiter.

By the following Sunday, May 13, they may be again seen, but this time together, on the left side of the planet; both moons being then near their greatest angular distance from Jupiter. Callisto, the outermost, will be about a third of our Moon's apparent width distant from him, and Ganymede will appear about a sixth of the Moon's width away, and much the brighter of the two satellites; but, owing to his proximity to Jupiter's radiance, he will be more difficult to perceive. Callisto may be glimpsed on the succeeding Monday and Tuesday nights, but by then Ganymede's angular distance from the planet will have become too small to see without telescopic aid. G.F.M.

## HALF OUR ROADS DANGEROUS

### WALKERS MIXED WITH MOTORS

The Great Need of Footpaths  
in the Countryside

### HOW TO LOWER THE DEATH-RATE

The A.A. has been counting up our main roads with footpaths, and finds that less than 50 in every 100 miles of them have walking paths.

This means that on the majority of our main roads there are walkers mingling with the motors, bicycles, and carts, and adding enormously to the difficulties of driving and the dangers of the road.

We may be sure that they do not want to risk their lives in this way (though certainly some do seem to prefer walking in the road even where there are footpaths). Perhaps we can understand why, even when a footpath is provided, many people do prefer to walk on the road, for the road is smooth, well kept, and with an all-weather surface, whereas the paths are often rough tracks, tiring to walk on and in wet weather nothing more than a series of mud splashes.

### A Dangerous Crossing

Surrey and Kent have the best supply of footpaths, and Devon and Cornwall the worst, with only 18 miles of paths to every 100 miles of road. No wonder the A.A. is urging the need of more and better paths, while the Roads Improvement Association has estimated that at least £5,000,000 should be spent on them, and recommends the raising of a loan of £50,000,000 to include new paths, new roads, and new bridges, especially where there are level-crossings. Within 50 miles of London we found a single-track railway line which ran straight across the road without any warning, save for a worn, faint notice-board within a few yards of it saying, Level Crossing Without Gates.

### Face the Traffic

There is plenty of work waiting for thousands of unemployed on our roads alone, and one way of bringing down the terrible accident rate is to provide footpaths. In the meantime let us repeat once more that *where there is no footpath the only wise thing is to walk facing the oncoming traffic—that is to say, on the right of the road.*

It is a constant amazement to us to see people who will calmly walk along the road on the left with the menace of death just behind them, not looking over their shoulders to see whether they are safely out of the way. Their faith in the consideration and good judgment of motorists is touching, and as far as we can see the motorists have done little to justify it. It is far better to look out for yourself on the road than to trust that others will look out for you.

## CAR WITHOUT A DRIVER What It Can Do

M. Dussaud of Geneva has exhibited to the Academy of Sciences in Paris an invention by which any vehicle, car, steamer, or aeroplane can carry out a series of movements without a driver.

The essential part of the mechanism is a perforated ribbon controlling the machine much as the perforated roll of a pianola controls the music.

M. Dussaud demonstrated his invention with a car which turned on its own lights, set out toward a determined point, stopped when it got there, set off again for a new destination, and finally came back to the starting-place.

We are sure some cars would be better without the drivers we have seen in them, but the automatic car is a new terror in that it can be copied for submarines and tanks and planes (though happily also for lifeboats).

## PATIENT EMU'S LONG VIGIL

### A BABY FOR DIANA

The Little Jumping Cavy, a  
Much-Petted Youngster

## A VERY LARGE FAMILY

By Our Zoo Correspondent

A pathetic exhibition of paternal devotion was given by the cock emu in the London Zoo when it was decided to part him from his eggs.

This emu began to incubate his clutch of eggs a week later than his successful rival at Whipsnade; but though he was slow to start he carried out his duties most zealously, and he sat on and on for nearly a fortnight longer than the usual time of incubation.

The keeper had great difficulty in getting him off the nest, but at last the disappointed bird went back to his mate for consolation. He had sat on his precious eggs for ten weeks and his long vigil had been in vain.

Diana, the pigmy hippopotamus, who is known as the Mother of the Zoo, being the oldest-established mammal, has now got another baby of her own.

### Pigmy Hippos Plentiful

Pigmy hippos are now plentiful at the Zoo. Several specimens have lately arrived from abroad, and others have been bred in the Gardens; but when Diana arrived in 1913 she was the first of her kind to be exhibited.

Another addition to the Zoo's collection of babies is a Patagonian cavy, the first born for 20 years. Cavies are noted for their jumping, and when only a few hours old the little creature, who was then not much bigger than a large rat, could jump over a ledge as high as himself. He is a much-petted youngster, for in addition to his mother there are two other Patagonian cavies in his home, and from the moment of his arrival they helped to take care of him.

The Cape snake in the Reptile House has had a family of 96, a record family. The mother snake is four feet six inches long, a shiny brown in colour; but her many babies vary in length from six to eight inches, and are grey with black markings.

As they are not venomous they can be handled, but care has to be taken not to injure them by squeezing or dropping them, for they are frail and wriggly!

## FROM MUD TO GOLD An Old Dredge Goes On a New Digging

After scooping up the mud of harbours for fifty years an old dredge owned by the Otago Harbour Board, New Zealand, has been sold to a company which is to dredge the Molyneux River for gold.

There are several dredges at work in the shingly beds of rivers in the South Island of New Zealand. The gravel they scoop up is sifted and washed in an attempt to recover the grains of gold carried down from the mountains.

The old dredge has had an eventful career. It was built on the banks of the Clyde at Renfrew, Scotland, in 1881, and was sailed out to New Zealand. For fifty years the dredge has kept clear the channel of Otago Harbour, on which are the towns of Port Chalmers and Dunedin. Once upon a time the dredge was sent across the sea to Melbourne and for a year was engaged in dredging the Yarra River, which flows through that city.

### HER COLLECTION

Grace, a collie known to thousands of passengers at Dalston Junction, on the L.M.S. Railway, has died.

She belonged to the ticket-collector, and herself collected in a life of 14 years over £260 for the L.M.S. Orphanage.

Feen-a-mint brand Chewing Confection, with laxative properties, is now obtainable in the popular 6 D. SIZE



## A FILM WORTH WHILE

### PUTTING RELIGION ON THE SCREEN

#### The Religious Film Society's First Talkie

#### MASTERSHIP OF CHRIST

Mr Arthur Rank has deserved nobly of his country, for he is one of those men who believe that to whom much is given of him much is required; and he has made it possible for this country to launch a series of films of a high religious character.

We have long believed that the cinema is the greatest invention that has ever been badly used, and have always believed that with it the Churches or the Governments of the world could do whatever they wished with the people, especially with the children. Thanks to Mr Rank a Religious Film Society has been formed for the purpose of producing films, and its first religious talking film has now been shown at a private view in London.

It is a welcome sign that a great new movement is now on foot.

#### The First Success

Two years ago the R.F.S. was founded by the Guilds of Light, whose members belong to all Churches. Although there were many difficulties in the way they set to work with a will but without much money, and it was through the generosity of Mr Arthur Rank that the first film, called the *Mastership of Christ*, was made. Its success suggests that it will not be long before religious films will be shown in remote villages and at mission stations hundreds of miles from civilisation. They will go out to all the world bringing the beneficent message of the Gospel.

The film opens with a passage from *Pilgrim's Progress*. Then we have a peep at a typical family of an English town at Sunday tea. But it is not a happy family. Nobody is ready to lend a hand or to oblige anybody. There is continual grumbling and quarrelling. Suddenly the eldest son jumps up from the tea-table and says that anything is better than this wrangling. He will take the sarcastic advice of his father and go to the mission service.

#### Exciting Episodes

Unknown to one another each member of the family shamefacedly follows his example and sits in a different part of the hall. Most of the fine sermon they hear, which changes their outlook, is vividly shown to the cinema audience by pictures. There are exciting episodes. The minister is shown visiting, and he knocks on the wrong door. As he enters he is seized by a hooligan while another man covers him with a revolver. The men have been burgling a house, and on a table is a pile of jewellery and money. The story of how the lives of these men and others are changed for good is full of interest. The acting is excellent.

Already there is a great demand for the film, and the Guilds of Light hope that in the near future many cinemas which are closed on Sundays may be hired by the society. There is a great opportunity for a fine series of films to be shown which will attract thousands of people. We foresee a great future for this movement, and it should be a blessing to the nation, for it may counter much of the rubbishy stuff which has so long been thought good enough for the greatest invention for pleasure in the world.

#### Your Share of the Peace of the World

For 11s a year you may send the C.N. each week to any child on Earth

## THE WASHERWOMAN KEEPS HER WORD

### A Tale of a Poor Street

By Our Country Girl

A pretty little donkey used to fetch our washing when we lived in the grand part of the town. The donkey was conducted by a man who did odd jobs, collecting washing baskets being one of them.

But when we moved to a humbler part of the town the donkey cart came no more. The washerwoman came herself, and when we saw her white hair we said, "Surely you are not going to carry that great basket yourself?"

"Yes," she replied cheerfully; "I live quite handy now, and I'm very glad not to have to pay the shilling to the man."

"Did you pay a shilling?"

"Yes, a shilling for each basket," she said. "It doesn't leave you much profit. I'm all on my own, I have nothing but what I earn, so I must save where I can."

We have always tried to keep the washing bill down by doing a great deal at home, and the thought of the shilling for the basket to be paid out of our five-shilling weekly bill quite dismayed us.

#### A Promise

The washerwoman saw this and, laughing, told us a story.

"There was one lady living a mile away who came to me and said: 'I'd like you to do my washing, Miss X; only if you do, I don't want you to give it up when the rush time comes on. (Miss X lives at the seaside.)'"

"I told her: 'Oh, no, Mum; if I take it on I shan't give it up, I promise you. Well, at first it was all right, but as they did more and more at home their bill came to nearly nothing. One week I remember it was 1s 2d. By the time I'd paid the man a shilling there was only 2d left for soap and starch and firing!'"

She laughed. "Of course, I couldn't give it up. I'd promised I wouldn't. But I was glad when that lady left the town. You can't go on working at a loss for ever when you've only got what you earn."

A very honourable lady then took up the basket and panted away with it.

## THE BURNED BOOKS

### Getting Them Together

When the Nazis made their great bonfire of books they hoped to destroy knowledge and keep it from their people, a childish idea.

A movement has now begun outside Germany to collect together a Library of the Burned Books. Somewhere in Paris, it is hoped, these books will be housed so that a student of events in Germany during the last few years may learn from them what really did happen, and what the Nazis are afraid of.

The nucleus of the library comes from the German refugees themselves, who, in the various countries to which they were scattered, brought together what they could in the way of literature dealing with the upheaval which had left them homeless.

These private archives will be handed over to a central library, and to them it is hoped to add copies of the scientific and social economic books which Herr Hitler considered might disturb the conscience of his Germans.

## TOO MUCH OIL ON THE WATER

The fishing grounds in the Bristol Channel are being ruined by discharged oil. Not long ago there were nearly a hundred fishing boats with Tenby as their centre. Today there is none.

If every ship carried filters to prevent the discharge of oil, not only would the fish live, but we should no longer have our shores strewn with pitiable birds, their feathers stuck together with oil, dead or dying because they cannot fly.

## THE BOY WHO KNEW WHAT HE WANTED

### And Walked Till He Got It

Heruye is an Abyssinian boy. While at school in his own country he attended a meeting at which a Christian missionary from Kenya was the speaker.

This man told Heruye things he wanted to know more about, and he decided it would be a good thing to go to Kenya, where there must be other teachers like him. So when his school holidays came he and four friends set out on foot to find Kenya. They had a little pocket-money and a copy of St John's Gospel. Three of the boys soon tired of the journey and went back; but Heruye and his remaining companion walked on, braving together the many perils of that wild desert country.

They walked for six months, and then came to Lake Rudolf, a British Government post on the border of Kenya. As they had no passports they were obliged to make a halt.

#### Continuing His Journey

Heruye's friend got a post-as clerk, but Heruye took a fever and had to go to hospital.

After three months the Government officer gave him a letter to the district commissioner at Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, and allowed him to continue his journey. His friend, who stayed behind, gave him money from his savings, and so Heruye was able to finish his journey by motor-lorry and train. When at last he reached Nairobi he had travelled nearly a thousand miles.

He was lucky enough to find there the missionary he had heard preach away back in Abyssinia, and when he had heard the boy's brave story he arranged for him to attend the Church Missionary Society school, where he is very happy and doing well.

## CROWING LOCOMOTIVES

### Language of the Whistle

Few realise that the whistle of a locomotive is charged with many meanings.

A hundred years have elapsed since the first whistle was blown on the Leicester and Swannington Railway. It was fitted after a serious accident at a level-crossing; a local organist, familiar with the effect of setting up vibrations in a pipe, devised a trumpet to be blown by steam, and the railway adopted it.

A curious thing happens when a locomotive, blowing its steam whistle, rapidly approaches us. The note of the whistle appears to rise in pitch with a shrill scream. That is because the number of sound waves heard a second increases as the locomotive speeds toward the listener. Pitch depends on the number of waves reaching the ear in a given time, and therefore the pitch rises, falling again as the train recedes.

Train whistles have been ingeniously arranged to make a code. Apart from sounding to warn men working on the line, or when approaching stations, whistles are given in distinctive blasts known as short, long, and crow, and these blasts, given singly or in combination, form the language of the locomotive.

Some of these codes convey the same meaning everywhere. For instance, men working on the line and hearing an approaching train give certain whistles understand there is a fire on the lineside which calls for immediate action.

A short whistle acknowledges a signalman's hand-signal. When a train is being hauled by two engines, one at the front and one at the rear, two crows by the leading driver indicate to the rear driver that the train is ready to start.

One main line railway has over 150 whistle codes, and, as a particular whistle given when passing a signal-box may have a totally different meaning when sounded at another point, a complete list of the various whistles is issued to railway servants.

## THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

### Death of Livingstone

MAY 1

David Livingstone, the great missionary explorer, died on May 1, 1873, in Ilala, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on April 18, 1874. This tribute to his memory was written by the Hon Roden Noel, a poet and biographer who died in 1894.

He is at home; he rests; the work is done.

He hath not failed who fails like Livingstone!

Radiant diadems all conquerors wear Pale before his magnificent despair;

And whatsoever kingdoms men have won,

He triumphs dead, defeated, and alone, Who learned sublimely to endure and dare!

For holy labour is the very end, Duty man's crown and his eternal friend;

Reason from Chaos wards the world's grand whole;

All Nature hath Love's martyrdom for goal.

Who nobly toils, though none be nigh to see,

He only lives—he lives eternally.

## THE SIXPENNY DUPE

### Spotting the Winner

Among the many forms of legal brigandage which deface our society a high place is taken by the sporting tipster. Daily he reaps a rich harvest.

A great and widely spread machinery exists to transfer the money of hard-working people to the bookmakers and the tipsters.

In the big streets of every town little shops exhibit boards and notices with headings about stable news and the latest tips for sixpence.

Armed with this information the noble sportsman bets 5s on the Nap, that marvellous horse called The Wonder, and eagerly buys the evening paper, only to find that he has lost his money. His family goes short of 5s in home comfort, he cannot afford to buy his children the C.N. or the Rainbow, and a tipster pockets unholy gains.

Another marvellous offer is of a shilling wire for the big winner.

So these fellows prey upon greed and ignorance. So, week by week, honest men are lured into dishonesty, hands are dipped into tills to make losses good, fathers of families go to prison, homes are broken up.

The law has much to say in many matters; why does it overlook the widespread of dishonest tipping? And what shall we say of education when men who can read pay 6d for a scrap of paper which, if what is on it were true, would enable the tipster to win so much money that his trade would be unnecessary?

## £4 FOR EVERY FAMILY

### Old Age Pensions Cost

As ours becomes increasingly an older country, because fewer children are born, the proportion of the very old increases, and old age pensions become an increasing charge.

In 1933 the cost of old age pensions was £40,382,000; in 1934 it will be £41,831,000; next year it will again rise. Already the cost amounts to about £4 a year for every family in the land.

This beneficent provision is one of the triumphs of social legislation; it has helped the nation as a whole to weather the depression.

Manchester buses are being fitted with loud-speakers so that the driver can announce stopping-places.



# THE MASTER OF THE MOOR

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 27

## The Boys Blunder

RENNY went up the cliff path and Duncan followed. Jupp watched them go. There was a scowl on his narrow, freckled face. It seemed he was not pleased at being left behind. He waited until they were out of sight round the corner of the cliff then he too stepped ashore.

Archie was fairly quivering, and Neil pinched his arm for caution. Jupp scrambled up to the ledge and went as far as the corner. But either he did not like the look of the plank bridge or perhaps he was afraid to disobey Renny. Anyhow he came down the rocks again; but he did not go straight back to the launch; he went round the inner end of the little cove in the direction of the spot where the boys were hidden.

For a nasty moment Neil believed he must have seen them but a little thought made him certain that he could not. He was just exploring to pass the time. Still, if he came a little farther he was bound to stumble on them.

Jupp came down the rocks toward the water. He was looking at the launch, not in the direction of the boys. Suddenly Archie broke loose. With one surprising jump he leaped clean out of the hollow. Jupp heard and turned, but Archie was quicker than he. Archie's bare arms came together round the man's scrawny neck and next moment all Archie's weight was pulling him backward.

Jupp was far stronger than Archie but he had been caught by surprise. He had not the remotest notion that anyone was near him. He lost his footing and came down with a thump on the rock. Before he had time to get back his breath Neil too was on him, pinning his legs. At the same instant Archie slipped his noose of rope over the man's body and drew it tight, pinning his arms to his sides. Jupp opened his mouth to yell for help but Neil, snatching off his battered old felt hat, jammed it between Jupp's teeth.

"Better keep quiet if you don't want to be hurt," said Neil curtly.

Jupp eyed Neil venomously, but he had sense enough not to struggle. There was something in Neil's face that told him it would not be wise. Archie knotted the cord around Jupp's body and arms, then took another length and tied his ankles.

"Better gag him," he said quickly. "You let me loose," Jupp threatened. "Renny'll about kill you both for this."

"Renny won't have a chance to do anything of the kind," Neil told him drily, and pulling Jupp's own dirty handkerchief out of his pocket gagged him well and truly. Then between them they dragged the man back into their hiding-place.

"We've done it!" Archie was almost beside himself with delight.

"We've only done half of it," replied Neil, as he snatched up his waterproof and went scrambling round the cove to the launch. He and Archie reached it together and sprang aboard.

"I'll untie her," said Archie breathlessly. "Not yet. We have to start the engine."

Neil could handle a sail boat as well as anyone, but he had little experience with the engines of motor-boats. The only one he had ever handled had a starting handle. This, he saw, had a self-starter but he had first to find the petrol tap and turn it on and also to find the ignition switch. All this took time and Archie was on fire with impatience. "Renny'll be coming back, Neil," he said sharply.

"I'm doing my best," Neil told him. At last the engine started.

"Now cast off, Archie," cried Neil. "I can't," gasped Archie. "Take out the clutch. She's pulling against it."

"Cut it, man. I can't find the clutch." Archie got out his knife and sliced the taut rope. Then he jumped for the tiller. The moment the launch was loose her screw churning violently sent her shooting ahead and Archie saw she was making straight for the opposite side of the cove. He pulled the tiller right over, and the launch, spinning like a top, came round and pointed her bow for the rocks on the north side.

"Look out!" yelled Neil in horror. Archie made a fresh effort to turn but it was too late. The heavy craft struck the rocks with a rending crash. Her bow rose high in air, then she slid back and Neil heard the water rushing in through a great hole in the bow.

Archie was so horrified that he sat perfectly still; but Neil kept his head.

"Out, Archie!" he snapped, as he sprang up. "Get ashore. She's sinking."

When the launch first struck the boys might have got ashore, dry. Now the bow was a good ten feet from the rocks and sliding back quickly. There was only one thing to do, to swim for it, and Neil was grateful indeed that Archie needed no help. Together they struck out for the flat rock and together they scrambled on to it and gained the top, dripping.

"Oh, Neil, I am a fool," said Archie miserably. "It was all my fault!"

Neil gave one glance at the launch, which was just disappearing beneath the surface. "Never mind whose fault it was," he said. "Get across the other side and hide. It's our only chance." He started over the rocks and Archie followed. They gained the hollow and flung themselves down beside the helpless Jupp just as Renny and Duncan came into sight around the angle of the cliff path. Renny stopped short. "What has that fool Jupp been doing?" he demanded angrily. "Where's the launch?"

"Looks like he's cleared out," replied Duncan in a puzzled voice. "I surely heard him start her up."

"He must be plumb crazy," said Renny. Neil nudged Archie.

"He doesn't know she's sunk," he whispered. "The ripple hides her. Wait till they get down on the rocks then we'll make a run for it."

Duncan spoke. "Say, Renny, where's Jupp gone? I can't see the launch anywhere. And there's not been time for him to get out of sight." Renny strode down the rocks to the cove and Duncan followed. The puff of wind which had rippled the surface of the little cove had passed and the water was clear again. Renny pointed at a patch of oil which stained the surface with iridescent colour.

"He's sunk her!" he gasped, and stood staring.

"Now's our chance," Neil whispered in Archie's ear. "Follow me close and go quiet as a cat."

## CHAPTER 28

## Tricked!

NEIL stole out from their hiding-place. Bent double, he dodged from rock to rock and Archie followed. Renny and Duncan were still staring at the scene of the wreck and talking excitedly. Neil heard Duncan say: "Then Jupp's drowned."

The inner end of the cove was one mass of boulders and it was impossible to go fast. Archie was treading on Neil's heels but Neil refused to be hurried. A fall would be fatal. The two had actually reached the lower end of the ledge before they were spotted, and then it was Duncan, not Renny, who saw them.

"Look!" Duncan screeched. "There's Archie and the other chap."

Neil went up the steep rocky path like a bullet from a gun and Archie was not far behind. They were across the plank and had jerked it up before Renny reached the corner. Renny pulled up at the far side of the gap. He was rather white but he had got his voice under control.

"I reckon it was you sunk that launch, Forsyth?" he remarked. "Kind of silly, wasn't it?"

"You don't suppose we did it on purpose," returned Neil.

Renny looked at Neil, and Neil did not half like the expression in his eyes. Renny was a very different person from Jupp and far more dangerous.

"So you were trying to get away in it?" said Renny.

"Of course we were," exclaimed Archie, "and we'd have done it if we'd known how to run the beastly thing."

"The beastly thing, as you call it, is now at the bottom of the sea," said Renny in a voice that grated a little. "I supposed you would have known we came to take you off."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Neil shrewdly. "You might have come just to see whether we were still alive."

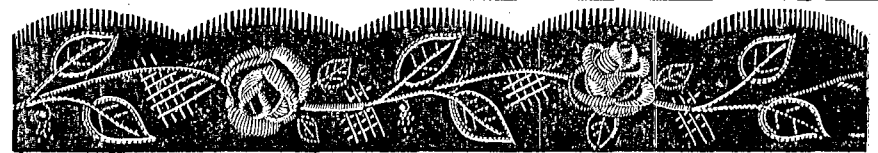
Again Renny looked hard at Neil. He seemed to be sizing him up. "Know something, don't you?" he observed.

"I've met you before," said Neil sweetly. "Also a gentleman called Maciver."

A queer hard look came in Renny's eyes, but it passed in a moment and he laughed.

"Maciver was a fool," he said, "and I'm not sure that Jupp is much better. What happened to him? Is he drowned?"

Continued on the next page



## FIRST "CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER" EMBROIDERY COMPETITION

1<sup>st</sup> PRIZE £5-0-0

2<sup>nd</sup> PRIZE £2-10-0

3<sup>rd</sup> PRIZE £1-1-0

AND 50 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 5 EACH

IN EACH OF THREE CLASSES

(NO ENTRANCE FEE)

Open to all Girl Readers up to 18 years, with equal chances for all.

CLASS I FOR GIRLS UP TO 10 yrs.

CLASS II FOR GIRLS OVER 10 AND UP TO 14 yrs.

CLASS III " " " 14 " " " 18 "

PRIZES PRESENTED BY

Messrs. J. & P. COATS LTD.

AND

Messrs. CLARK & CO. LTD.

Judging by the Competition Editor of the "Children's Newspaper," whose decision must be accepted as final.

HERE is the opportunity, girls, you have all been waiting for—a great, free and open embroidery competition with valuable cash prizes waiting to be won for something every girl should be interested in, *viz.*, NEEDLEWORK, and no needlework can be more lovely than embroidery.

The rules are simple. All you have to do is to make up a floral design and embroider it on any piece of material you like—silk, canvas, linen, etc. Small and simple designs, nicely worked, will stand as much chance as large and elaborate ones, because the results will be judged on the originality, quality and care that has been taken with each piece of work submitted. If you wish, you can submit your embroidered design on a finished article such as a scarf, tea-cosy or cushion cover—but it must be a floral design and must have been originated and worked by yourself alone.

You can submit as many embroidered designs as you like.

Only CLARK'S ANCHOR STRANDED COTTON must be used for the embroidery. This is most important.

Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton is beautifully mercerised, is easy to work with and is the best embroidery cotton to use. It is obtainable everywhere in 350 delightful sunproof and washfast shades.

A small black ticket from one of the skeins must be submitted with each piece of work, and pinned to your entry. You must also securely attach a label giving your name and address and age written in block letters.

Entries must be addressed to: The Competition Editor, "Children's Newspaper," 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4.

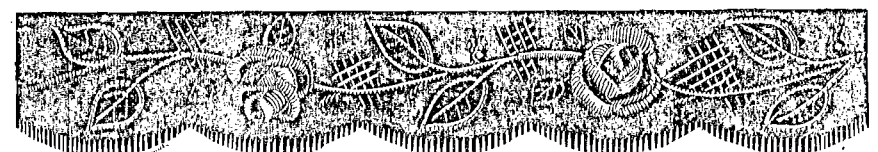
On the outside of your package write the words "EMBROIDERY COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner very plainly, and send in your entry so that it arrives not later than JULY 24th next, which is the closing date.

All entries will be returned provided sufficient stamps are enclosed to cover cost of return postage, but Messrs. J. & P. Coats Ltd. reserve the right to publish or use for exhibition purposes any of the winning entries.

Remember every entrant will have an equal chance of winning a prize, so start right away, because the longer you have the more care you will be able to put into your work. Do the best you possibly can, and you may come out a winner.

Cut out and keep these conditions for reference.

Results will be given in this publication issue dated August 18th.





"Not a bit of it. You'll find him behind that big rock tied up in a parcel."

This time Renny's face showed real surprise.

"I reckon I have underestimated you, Master Forsyth. I shall be more careful in future." He shrugged. "Well, I guess we're all in the same box now, marooned until someone takes us off. Do you feel like calling it a truce for the time being?"

"I don't," said Neil bluntly. "I wouldn't trust you any farther than I would Jupp."

"You're honest, anyway. I'd like to know what you reckon to do about it. Are you going to leave us to starve or freeze? Maybe you'd say that would be all right for Jupp and me, but we have young Duncan along and, even if you don't think a lot of him, he's Grant's own cousin."

"Birds of a feather," put in Archie, scornfully. "He can sleep on the beach for all I care."

But Neil looked troubled.

"I'll talk it over with Grant," he said. "Wait a minute, Mr Renny."

Neil drew Archie out of earshot.

"Renny's right," he said. "We can't leave them on the beach. They've nothing to eat, no shelter of any sort. They'll be half dead by morning."

"Serve 'em jolly well right," replied Archie vindictively. "They kidnapped us and brought us here. They're out to do us down by every kind of dirty trick. Jupp said himself they'd prove to my guardian that I was a thief. They don't get any mercy from me, Neil, don't you think it."

Neil was a good deal astonished. He had started to harden Archie and it began to seem to him that he had gone a step too far. Archie's jaw was set resolutely and he seemed to have made up his mind to go any length rather than yield.

"They are brutes, Archie," Neil said slowly. "I dislike Renny and Jupp every bit as much as you do. But I don't think you quite realise that you're condemning him and the others to a slow death, from cold and starvation."

Archie grew angry. "All right then. Give them each a blanket and some grub and let them stay down in the cove."

"That means we can't go down there to fish or to get our boat. And if we're going to be stuck here for weeks that's going to be pretty awkward."

Continued in the last column

## JACKO HAS A CLOSE SHAVE

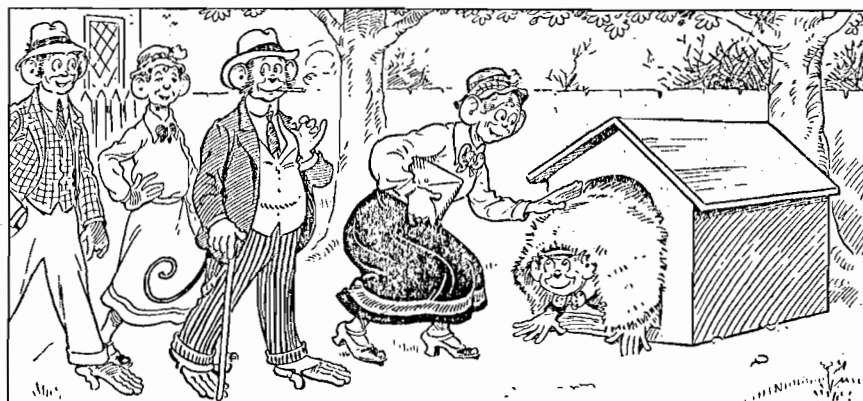
JACKO didn't think much of the new tenants in the house next door, but he took a great interest in their dog.

Mother Jacko admired it too. "It's a valuable dog," she said. "Exactly what sort of dog is it, dear?" she asked.

"Dunno," replied Jacko. "But it's got a jolly good bark."

"It's probably got a jolly good bite!"

put in Adolphus. "You watch out."



"Good dog!" said Mother Jacko, as she passed

"Pooh! Who's afraid of a big, bad dog?" quoth Jacko.

But he was considerably hurt that it refused to make friends with him.

"It's being chained up that makes them so savage," he declared. "When I get the chance I shall let it off."

Coming home late in the afternoon he caught sight of the puppy, yawning its head off in the sunshine. There was nobody in sight, so Jacko jumped the fence, ran to the kennel and untied the rope on the dog's collar.

"There, old man!" he said soothingly. "You hop round and stretch your legs a bit."

The dog raced to the fence, cleared it at a bound, and made off down the road at the speed of a racing car.

At that moment a door opened, and a voice said, "Yes, indeed, I should simply love to see your garden."

"The Mater!" breathed Jacko.

It was. Mother Jacko was paying a call on her new neighbours.

Jacko was in a panic. He'd be nicely

caught. And, horrors! they'd miss the precious dog.

As he looked at the empty kennel a thought came into his head. *In two strides he was in it!* He dragged the mat over him and crouched down.

The voices were coming nearer. Mother Jacko was admiring the herbaceous border.

"Woof!" barked Jacko daringly.

"Good dog!" said Mother Jacko as she passed, patting the mat on Jacko's shaking head. Then back they all marched into the house.

"Coo!" said Jacko, as he crept cautiously out. "That was a close shave."

"Awkward! It's perfectly foul, if you ask me," said Archie. "Oh, if I hadn't been such an idiot as to wreck that launch!"

"That was my fault as much as yours. Anyhow it's done and can't be helped. But it's left us in a mess. And we have to get out of the mess the best way we can. It's up to us to find that way and we shan't do it by getting angry." Neil spoke so slowly and steadily that Archie had to listen.

"I am angry," he confessed. "I'm furious. But you have a better head than I, Neil. I'll leave it to you."

Renny was still waiting on the far side of the gap.

"Well, Forsyth," he said with a smile. "Have you settled things with Grant?"

"It's with you I have to settle them," Neil answered curtly.

"I'm listening," said Renny cheerfully. "Say anything you like. Beggars can't be choosers, and it looks as if Jupp and Duncan and I were the beggars. You have the food and the shelter and we have nothing at all."

"You're right, Mr Renny. Grant and I have the food and the shelter, and we have decided that we can't risk letting you past this gap. But of course we can't leave you to starve. We haven't much food and we have been living chiefly on fish. What we have we'll share with you. We are going to bring you rations for a day and a blanket apiece. That's all we can spare. You'll have to find a cave to sleep in."

Renny shrugged.

"Well, I suppose it's all we could expect and we must be grateful for small mercies. I'll go back and untie Jupp while you fetch the food and stuff."

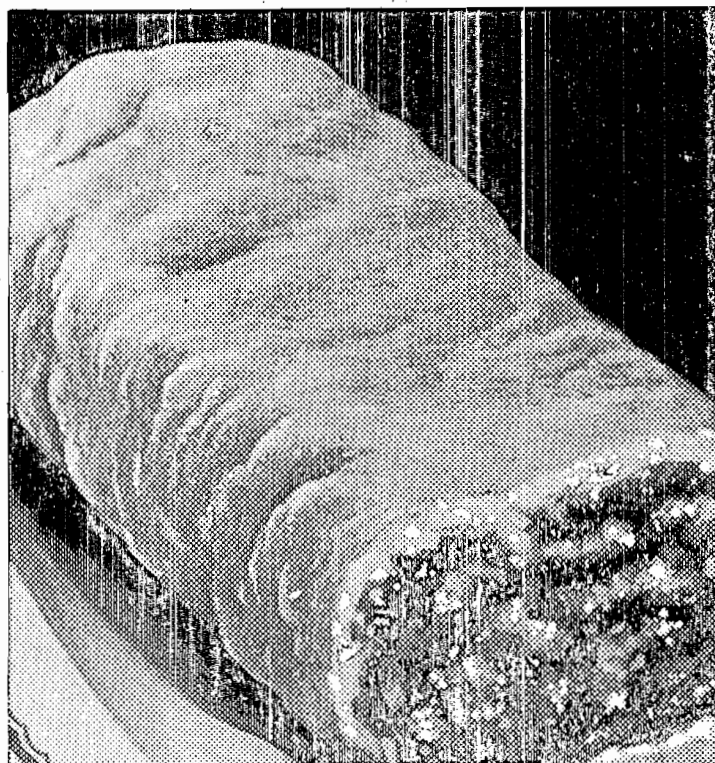
He turned back to the cove and Neil went west to join Archie. He told Archie what he had arranged, and Archie merely grunted. Then they went back to the cave together and began sorting out the food.

"Lucky we got those extra blankets from the wreck," Neil said.

They had just finished making up the blankets and food in a bundle when Neil heard or thought he heard a slight sound behind him. He was in the act of turning when a pair of bony arms caught him round the body and flung him to the ground.

"Thought you was so smart, Mr Neil Forsyth," came Jupp's jeering voice in his ear. "But maybe you ain't so smart as you thought yourself."

TO BE CONTINUED



### RECIPE

6 oz. Self-raising Flour, or  
6 oz. Plain Flour and flat teaspoon of  
Baking Powder, 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA'.  
A pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.

## Jam Roly-Poly!

The children simply love it—and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole—delicious, satisfying, nourishing.

Hugon's

## 'ATORA'

### The Good BEEF SUET

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from—Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester.



Hey, there! Give us a bite!



He's the man of the moment, the most popular fellow in school. And why? Monster 1d. Bars of Fry's delicious Chocolate Cream—that's the secret of his success. They're *wizards*, these new big bars of the nicest chocolate cream you ever tasted. Try a pennyworth when you want something *really* good.

# FRY'S CHOCOLATE CREAM

NEW MONSTER 1<sup>d</sup> BAR

J. S. FRY & SONS, LTD., SOMERDALE, SOMERSET

CR.143.27334

★ PLEASE mention "The Children's Newspaper" when communicating with advertisers. ★

## Marie Elisabeth REAL Sardines

in delicious oil are greatly liked by YOUNG PEOPLE, are good for them, and are not costly. GOOD? Well, there are more of them sold than of any other. That should be convincing. They can be had at every good grocer's in the British Isles.

They're great!

Wilkin's  
**RED BOY FIG-ROLLS**  
(THE ORIGINAL AND BEST)  
Look for the name, WILKIN, on every wrapper

## Photographers 'TABLOID' TONERS

BLUE, GREEN, SEPIA, COPPER  
Enable you to produce prints and slides in appropriate colours.

2/- per carton. All Photographic Dealers  
**FREE** Write for specimen of 'Tabloid' Copper Ferrocyanide Toning Compound, post free.

BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO.  
47, SNOW HILL BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.1

52 6050

COPYRIGHT

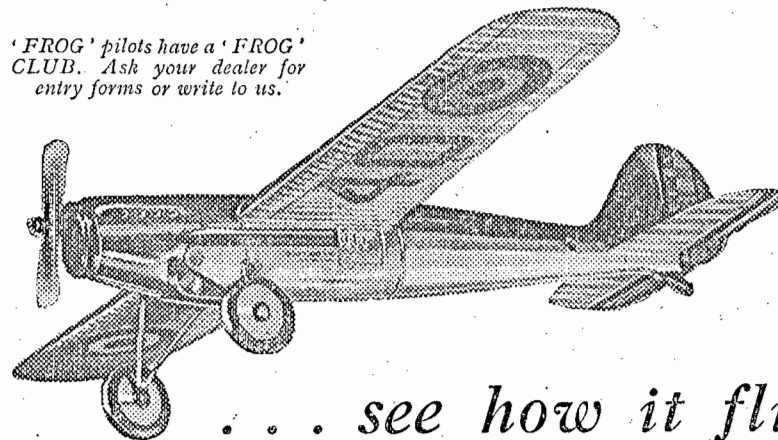
The Paper that  
made Wireless popular

## POPULAR WIRELESS

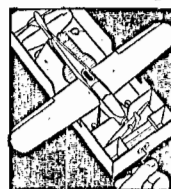
At all Newsagents and Bookstalls  
every Wednesday. 3d.

## THE 'FROG' INTERCEPTOR

'FROG' pilots have a 'FROG' CLUB. Ask your dealer for entry forms or write to us.



... see how it flies



NO Tedious Winding. One of the many features patented in all manufacturing countries is the special geared-up winding device built into the 'FROG'S' box, by which it can be fully wound for flight in 15 secs.

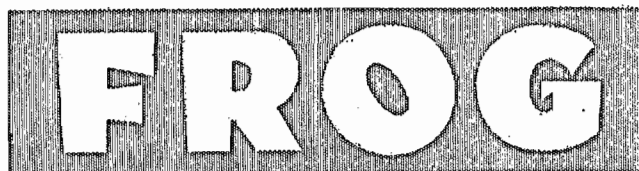
Overall Length 9½ ins.  
Wing Span 11½ ins.  
Normal Flying Speed 650 ft. per min.  
Length of Flight 300 ft.  
Height of Flight 70 ft.  
Scale, three-eighths in. to 1 ft.

Obtainable at all Sports and Toy Shops. In case of difficulty write to Sole Concessionaires:

**LINES BROS. LTD.,**  
Triang Works,  
Morden Rd., Merton,  
S.W.19.  
British made by  
International Model  
Aircraft Ltd.

This machine *really* is to scale, the photograph is genuine and the machine is not touched up in any way. The 'FROG' is the only representative scale model made that really flies off the ground with a rapid climb. Here are its unique points, not approached by any other machine:—**SCALE PERFORMANCE:** The propeller is correctly speeded up by accurately cut gearing, so that the airscrew is correctly to scale without sacrificing correct scale performance (scale speed of 236.36 m.p.h.). **'CRASH PROOFNESS':** No machine, large or small, can withstand every form of abuse, but the 'FROG' stands a wonderful amount, owing to its special design and aluminium alloy fuselage. The main planes, undercarriage and 'gear box,' for instance, are so attached that on encountering any substantial obstruction they detach instead of breaking. The machine in the photo has been crashed a dozen times. Spare parts are accurately interchangeable. **EVERY ONE TESTED:** Each model has to 'take off' with a short run, climbing to clear a set obstruction before it is passed. **AEROBATICS:** Loops and other stunts are easily arranged. **PRICE,** including box with geared-up winder, winding handle, motor lubricant and fixture, gearing lubricant and full instructions **7/6**

Also the de Havilland PUSS MOTH Monoplane—17/6.



The 'FROG' is made in the national colours of Gt. Britain, U.S.A., France, Italy, Holland, Argentine & Belgium.

**KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6,**  
3 lb. 9/-. High Grade. Excellent for Children's Garments, Socks, Jumpers, etc. Colours from 2/11; Rug Wools from 2/10 lb. post free. **SERGES** from 2/10 yd. in various colours, Tweeds, Flannels, Cottons, Tailoring, etc. Patterns with pleasure.

ESTABLISHED 60 YEARS.

EGERTON  
BURNETT'S  
N.C. DEPT.

EGERTON BURNETT'S  
N.C. DEPT.

WELLINGTON  
SOMERSET,  
ENGLAND.

## Stamp Collector's Corner

**FREE!! "THE STAMP FINDER"**  
Amazing! Marvellous!! Fascinating!!!

**THE WORLD'S LATEST PHILATELIC NOVELTY.** Identifies ANY stamp. It Cannot Fail. No matter how difficult a stamp may be to identify, **THE STAMP FINDER WILL DO IT!** It also simplifies Arabic, Greek and Russian inscriptions; peculiar symbols are made plain. "The Stamp Finder" illustrates 30 "difficult to recognise" stamps, and it includes no less than 13 fascinating articles under the heading, "Adventuring With Postage Stamps." SEND 4d. to-day for "THE STAMP FINDER." You cannot be without this marvellous novelty. Your 4d. will be refunded in full if you purchase 1/6 or more from my Lists. Request approvals.

**VICTOR BANCROFT, MATLOCK, ENGLAND.**



**NOW KIDDIES—HERE'S A REAL GROW-UP CAMERA!**

British Made. T & I shutter. Covered with Black Leatherette. Everything complete to start marvellous picture-taking. Satisfaction or money refunded.—**DANIELS, 39, Mavis Rd., Northfield, Birmingham.**

**CAMERA: FILM & FREE EXPERT TREATISE**

**BALLOON PACKET & STAMP OUTFIT FREE!**

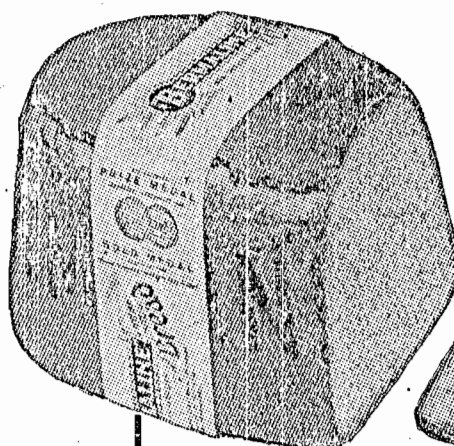
Includes stamps from the Caribbean Seas, BARBADOS, Cuba, GUYANA, Jamaica, Trinidad and Tobago. Duplicate Stamp Album. Over 57 Different Stamps. Perforation Gauge. Packet of Stamp Mounts. Fine Balloon Stamp.

This large Balloon Stamp depicts Piccard's famous Balloon ascending into the stratosphere. This wonderful parcel also includes long sets and other fine stamps. All free! Just send 2d. postage requesting approvals. You get the best gifts and stamps from—

**Lisburn & Townsend (Dept. C.H.), Liverpool.**

**FREE!! "LOCO" SET AND ENGINEERING PKT.**

Many different stamps, showing Aeroplanes, Engines, Pyramids, Palaces, Ruins, Castles, Ships, Steamers, Windjammers, Junks, Statues, Schools, Mosques and Churches from Brazil, Egypt, Turkey, Morocco, Greece, China, U.S.A. (Statue of Liberty), Algeria. Set of 3 Charkhari, Martinique, Caledonia, Niger, Tunis, etc. ALSO a fine packet of 50 all different stamps. **ALL ABSOLUTELY FREE.** Just enclose 2d. postage, requesting approvals.—**SHOWELL BROS. (G.N.28), 42, Vanbrugh Hill, LONDON, E.C.3.**



Delicious  
to eat

# Bermaline Bread

"BERMALINE" provides great nourishment with the least demand on the digestive system. Its flavour is delightful.

From Quality Bakers



Arthur Mee's  
**HEROES**  
Sixpence every Friday

# CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

May 5, 1934

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's  
**HEROES**  
Sixpence every Friday

## THE BRAN TUB

### A Curious Word

I AM a wild and open space;  
Or dark Othello, if you will.  
Now turn me round, and I'm  
indoors.  
Betwixt my first and last is—nil.

Answer next week

### Next Week in the Countryside

THE swallow builds its nest.  
The pheasant, greenfinch,  
partridge, reed bunting, and reed  
warbler lay their eggs. The long-  
tailed tit hatches out its young.  
The sand martin is seen and the  
turtledove is first heard. The long-  
eared and noctule bats are on the  
wing. The orange-tip butterfly, and  
the emperor, pale tussock, and buff-  
tip moths appear. Honeysuckle,  
mountain ash, red clover, oak,  
laburnum, jasmine, walnut, celan-  
dine, and lily-of-the-valley are in  
blossom.

### A Mourning Stamp

THIS is a black mourning stamp  
issued a few weeks after the  
death of King Albert of Belgium.  
It is not the first mourning  
stamp ever to be issued. When  
Lenin died the Russians issued  
a black stamp, and when Presi-  
dent Harding died in 1923 the  
United States also issued a black two-cent post-  
age stamp.



### Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in saunter and also in  
stroll,  
My second's in fencing and also in  
pole,  
My third is in neither and also in  
not,  
My fourth is in tangle and also in  
knot,  
My fifth is in prying and also in spy,  
My sixth is in shamefaced and also  
in shy,  
My seventh's in loving and also in  
fond,  
My eighth is in fountain and also in  
pond,  
My whole is a poet whose writings  
you know,  
If you study this puzzle his name  
it will show.

Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français



La chemise La crevette Le navire  
Shirt Shrimp Ship

Il porte une chemise de flanelle.  
Elle ira à la pêche aux crevettes.  
Nous avons vu un navire au large.

### Flowers of the Poets

#### Sweet Briar

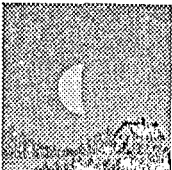
THE Rosa rubiginosa is the true  
Eglantine, "the sweet Eg-  
lantine" of Spenser, and may be  
known from other roses by its  
scent. Leigh Hunt wrote,  
"Wild-rose, Sweet Briar,  
Eglantine, All these pretty  
names are mine, And scent in  
every leaf is mine." In Shakespeare's Mid-  
summer Night's Dream Oberon,  
the fairy king, tells Puck that  
Titania is sleeping on a bank  
covered with sweet Musk-roses and  
with Eglantine. "Sweet-rose," said  
Christina Rossetti, "I fancy thou  
wast meant chiefly to give delight."

### Laying Lawns Like Carpets

A NEW way of making a lawn is  
to lay the grass like a carpet.  
Strips of cheap canvas are put  
on to a level surface and on these  
the grass seed is sown. Water is  
supplied and the grass plants grow  
quickly, attaching themselves to  
the material by their roots. The  
site for the lawn is prepared by  
raking and levelling and then the  
mats of grass are put on to the  
surface, finally being well rolled.  
The roots soon penetrate the soil,  
and as the canvas quickly rots it  
does not interfere with the growth  
of the grass. The owner of the  
garden has a bright green lawn  
at once which is of even growth  
and free from weeds.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter  
is in the South and Neptune  
is in the South-  
West. In the  
morning Venus  
and Saturn are  
in the South-  
East. The pic-  
ture shows the  
Moon as it may  
be seen look-  
ing South at 7 a.m. on May 7.



### Candle As a Bullet

EXPERIMENTS have proved that a  
candle can be shot through four  
deal planks placed a foot apart.

### Tangled Vegetables

BELOW are the tangled names of  
ten vegetables.

IS HARD SHIP CAN  
OAT TOP A SUGAR SPA  
EEL CRY TAKE CHOIR  
TEE CULT CRUMB CUE  
SPAN RIP OWILFUL RACE

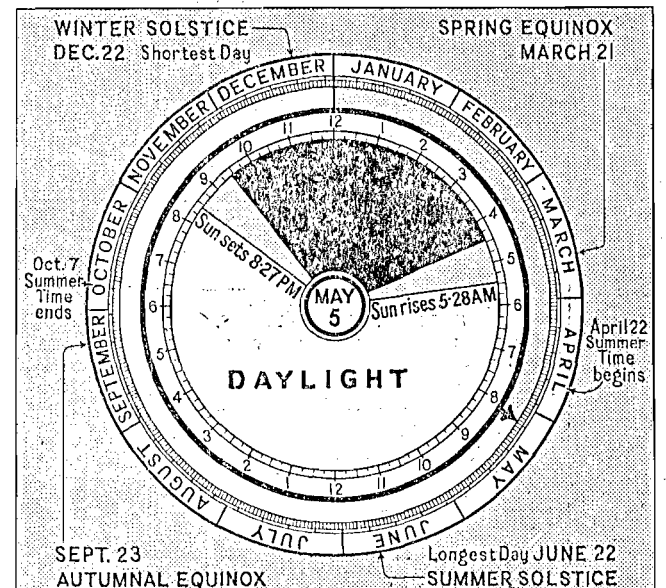
What are they? Answer next week

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Arithmetical Word  
DOLL (Roman numerals)  
Shrinking Word  
Feasting, fasting, sting, tin, in  
Can You Guess This? QUILT  
The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

ADD	BOL	STER	EMS
BROAD	EAR	SHEET	
ERR	END	OW	ALL
CA	MAL	JETS	OB
ADO	IM	TATE	ONE
MBUS	LIN	RUC	R
PEOPLE	L	OSP	REY
SHE	EMBL	AZE	EEL

### The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on May 5.  
The days are now getting longer. The arrow indicating the  
date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

## Dr MERRYMAN

### No Time Left

SMILING SAM: I never worry.  
Dismal Jimmy: Never?  
Smiling Sam: No; in the day-  
time I'm too busy and at night  
I'm too sleepy.

### Friday is Fish Day

THE tramp knocked at a cottage  
door and asked for food.  
"Do you like fish?" asked the  
lady of the house, who was often  
bothered by tramps.  
"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.  
"Then call again on Friday,"  
said the lady, slamming the door.

### The Horns of a Dilemma



A GOAT is so handy,  
Says Molly O'Mandy,  
To hold the wool safely and near.  
But what should I do  
If someone said Shoo?  
Would be a sad tangle, I fear.

### Dressed For the Part

THE witness appeared to be very  
nervous.  
"Have you ever appeared as a  
witness before?" asked counsel.  
"Yes, sir, I have," was the reply.  
"In what suit?"  
"Black coat and vest and  
striped trousers."

### The Point of View

OLD Farmer Giles had just  
returned from his first trip  
to London.  
"And what do you think of  
London?" asked the rector.  
"What do I think of it?"  
echoed the old farmer. "Why,  
it's just a lot of good land spoiled  
by stone and mortar."

### How Time Flies

DINAH was arranging to work for  
a new mistress.  
"Now, for the first week I'll  
pay you five dollars," said the lady  
of the house, "and if you work  
satisfactorily you shall have six  
dollars for the second week and  
thereafter."  
"Beg pardon, ma'am," replied  
Dinah; "but I'll start right now  
wid dat second week!"

## A FULL HA'PORTH

before he could say more  
Gaffer thrust a packet into his  
hand. "There's a ha'porth,"  
he muttered. "Give me the  
money quick."

Sparey paid and gaped at  
the same time, and as the coin  
changed hands Gaffer dropped it,  
gave a whoop of joy,  
"found" it, and took it to  
Minnie, who disappeared  
rapidly, all legs and pig-tail,  
toward the sweet shop. The  
crowd dispersed.

"It's all right," explained  
Gaffer to Sparey a few mo-  
ments later. "The kid'll get  
her lollipops, and you've got a  
ha'porth of peppermints."

"Have I got a full ha'-  
porth?" asked Sparey suspi-  
ciously.

"Yes!" hissed Gaffer; and  
his hiss reeked of peppermint.

## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

As Gaffer Airey pattered  
aimlessly across the  
village green he saw a small  
shining object lying in his  
path. It was a halfpenny.

His aimlessness imme-  
diately turned to purpose,  
and he slanted off in the  
direction of the little sweet  
shop, clutching his new-found  
treasure tightly. He pushed  
open the door and its bell  
jangled sweet music to Gaffer.  
He spent the halfpenny, and  
came out happy, with a  
packet of peppermints. He  
then set off homeward to  
enjoy a treat.

As he re-crossed the green  
he found Minnie Little,  
sorrowful and tear-stained,  
tacking sadly to and fro along  
the pebbly path, and sniffing  
at each hopeless turn.

"What's up, Minnie?"  
asked Gaffer.

"I've lost my ha'penny,"  
sobbed Minnie.

Gaffer scratched his head  
with one hand and with the  
other gripped the pepper-  
mints in his pocket.

"Where did you lose it?"  
he inquired tactfully.

"I don't know," wailed  
Minnie; "that's why it's lost."

"There, there!" said  
Gaffer, patting her head and  
knocking her beret all askew  
over one eye.

"It was for lollipops!"  
Minnie wailed, and howled at  
the tragedy of the thought.

Other people crossing the  
green were soon attracted by  
the dismal sounds, and pre-  
sently quite a little crowd  
wandered up and down the

path, heads bent low, mutter-  
ing, "Ha'penny!" and "Lol-  
lipops" and "Tut-tut."

Gaffer made his way  
gloomily and guiltily among  
them, still clutching his  
peppermints. He had searched  
all his pockets but not a coin  
did he possess. Gladly would  
he have dropped one and  
"found" it for Minnie. If  
only somebody would give the  
child a ha'penny, he thought:  
and he bumped hard into  
another searcher. He looked  
up. It was Old Sparey.

"Got a ha'penny?" whis-  
pered Gaffer anxiously.

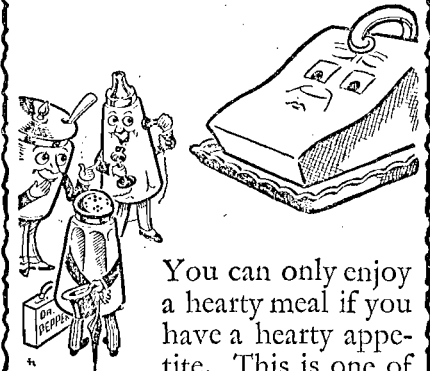
"Yes," said Sparey, "but  
Minnie's got nothing to do  
wi' me."

"D'you like peppermints?"  
asked Gaffer savagely.

"Yes," said Sparey; and

## CHEESE NEEDS

### THE 4<sup>TH</sup> CONDIMENT



You can only enjoy  
a hearty meal if you  
have a hearty appe-  
tite. This is one of  
the many good things that  
H.P. Sauce, the 4th Condi-  
ment, creates for you. A  
little of this rich, thick,  
fruit sauce makes a morn-  
ing snack, a picnic tea, or  
even a bread-and-cheese  
supper into an appetising  
and easily digestible spread.

## HP SAUCE

"I deal with snacks"

One size only — 9d. per large bottle.

